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EDWARD LAWRENCE SCULL

A Brief Memoir

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HAVERFORD, PENNSYLVANIA

Watson M. Reeves

from his friend

Allen E. Sherman

4.15.1893.





Edw. L. Scully

EDWARD LAWRENCE SCULL

A Brief Memoir

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS
AND JOURNALS

BY

ALLEN C. THOMAS

"Neither count I my life dear unto myself." — ACTS xx. 24

CAMBRIDGE
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1891

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NOTE.

IN the brief sketch which follows, the aim has been to let the subject of the memoir tell his own story as much as possible, the compiler adding only such links as seemed needful to make the connection clear. To preserve the record of a pure and earnest life lived in simplicity and with constant regard to the Heavenly Guide, and to stimulate others to like faithfulness and trust, is the object of this little volume.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, PENNSYLVANIA,
11th Month, 18th, 1891.

**NOTE ON THE PORTRAITS AND
ILLUSTRATIONS.**

The portraits in this volume are photogravure reproductions from photographs taken from life. The frontispiece was taken in Philadelphia in 1879 when E. L. Scull was in his thirty-third year. The one facing page 23 was taken in London in 1868 when he was in his twenty-third year. The portrait of "Old Phelps," an Adirondack guide, is a somewhat reduced reproduction of a careful pencil sketch from life, executed by E. L. Scull while on the visit to the Adirondack Mountains mentioned on page 75. The facsimiles facing pages 40 and 73 need no explanation other than that afforded by the text.

MEMOIR

EDWARD LAWRENCE SCULL was born on the 7th of 3d month, 1846. His parents, David and Lydia Lippincott Scull, had removed to Philadelphia in 1837 from New Jersey. Members of the Society of Friends not only by birth but also from conviction, it was their earnest desire that their children should be brought up in the fear of the Lord. It was into such a home and such surroundings that Edward L. Scull was born. He was the youngest child, two brothers and three sisters being older than he. To his eldest brother, nearly twenty-one years his senior, he always attributed much of the development of the unusual artistic taste with which

he was endowed; to him he looked for encouragement in his drawing and sketching studies, and received from him that kindly criticism and direction so essential to healthy development. It is pleasant to remember that one of his last recreations was visiting some of the London exhibitions of paintings and drawings with this brother, whose taste and judgment were so congenial.

Deprived of his mother's care at an early age, it was to a beloved elder sister that he chiefly looked for that counsel and affectionate guidance without which a child's home is not a home in the true sense. It is almost needless to say that he did not look in vain.

Brought up in a quiet Quaker household, there was not much of incident to distinguish his surroundings from those of others in similar circumstances. Perhaps it would have been better for him had there been a little more variety, but in his case the rec-

reaction which many children find in rough and noisy games he found in his pencil and brush, for we hear of his being elected a member of the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia when he was only eleven years old. Of a confiding and affectionate disposition, he early showed that simplicity and purity of character which was so marked in him throughout his life. He was more than ordinarily a conscientious child, seeming almost instinctively to prefer the true, the honest, the just, the pure, the lovely, the things of good report; and yet, with a quick temper and sensitive organization, he was by no means one who never had a fault, never gave way to anger: of this he was perfectly aware. He early formed a habit of self-examination, though not unconscious in after years of the dangers of such a practice if carried to excess, especially for those who, like himself, are gifted with tender consciences.

After attending the Friends' Select

School in Philadelphia for several years, he entered Haverford College as a freshman in the fall of 1860. He was well prepared, and found no difficulty in maintaining a high position in his class. The course of study in those days was a rigid one, no choice whatever in the selection of studies being allowed to parent or student. It was perhaps well for him that such was the system under which he was educated, for taste inclining him to the classical and literary rather than to the mathematical and scientific studies, the drill which he received from the studies of the latter class doubtless was of great aid in moulding his character. At college he was not what would be called popular, but was liked and respected by all the students. His warm, sympathetic nature made him very attractive to his intimate friends, to whom he would unbosom himself on many subjects. He was conscientious in his work, and in the observance of college regulations, and yet he did not hesi-

tate to criticise strongly what he deemed unjust or petty. His attitude towards his instructors was appreciative, and in more than one instance the association ripened into friendship. He was greatly interested in the literary work of the college, taking an active part in the literary societies, more particularly in contributing articles to the manuscript papers published by them. In debating or declaiming, his self-consciousness stood in his way, and he would always prefer writing an essay to any other exercise. In writing, he took pains to cultivate and improve his style. Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt were his favorite models, and in one of his letters written soon after leaving college he says, "Don't you recognize the style of Charles Lamb in some parts of my letters?"

Some of the essays and college exercises show rather unusual sprightliness of diction and of thought for one so young. As is common with young writers, he made sev-

eral ventures in verse, but meeting with rather severe criticism he never tried again at college. This great sensitiveness in regard to himself remained with him, and was recognized by him as a thing to be guarded against. Naturally retiring, he shrunk from anything that might draw attention to himself. Even his height was a trial to him on this account. He writes in 1865:—

“It is (oh dear, that I should have to say it!) the firm conviction of one of our customers, a man who is old enough to have seen many boys grow, that I have not done advancing upward yet. I measure now full 6 ft. 2 in. with low-heeled shoes on. Condole with me. You don’t know how terrible it was to have to get in and out of an omnibus in New York. Imagine my distress of mind, when on a low sofa or chair, to know how to dispose of my legs. There is comfort in the thought, however, that Christopher North had long legs, at least I understood Mrs. Gordon so.”

He was fond of cricket, and played on the first eleven of the college; in the gymnasium exercises, too, he was quite proficient. He was a good skater also, and greatly delighted in that invigorating exercise. His greatest recreation of a quiet kind continued to be drawing and sketching; and his services were in frequent request for illustrating and embellishing the college papers. Here, again, his modesty stood in his way, for he was diffident of his powers even in this line. He was particularly interested in the libraries, and as librarian of the Loganian Library (of Haverford) he exerted himself greatly in its behalf. His interest did not cease with his stay at Haverford, for after leaving college he personally selected and purchased for the library many books, thus insuring a wise expenditure of its rather slender resources. When he became a member of the board of managers, the college library had no warmer friend than he; and it was one of his most

earnest wishes that some plan might be devised which would tend to encourage the students in habits of good reading. In his junior year at Haverford he writes : —

TO HIS SISTER J.

“Last day of spring [1863]. This day a year ago I was tremblingly awaiting the issue of private examination, which thee must know is necessary to be passed before the student can enter the next class in the course ; so I can now look back with satisfaction on the ordeal passed so much more creditably than I had expected, and await the end of the present one, which does not concern me except so far as my good wishes for other boys are concerned.

“I am now reading Milton's ‘Paradise Lost.’ How grand it is ! I think the description of our Saviour's victory over the rebellious angels one of the finest pieces of poetry I have ever read. I expect, when I leave here, that I will be as much of a

book collector as Gid, providing only that money and other circumstances permit; for I feel now as if I could spend all my spare cash on them and paints (for I want thee to know my old love for art has not died out, and I hope it never may). . . . I think it is very romantic to have a brother abroad, . . . and when, as I am reading his letters, I detect my comrades' curious glances at the foreign stamp on the envelope, I appreciate more fully what a fine thing it is to have friends traveling for pleasure across the Atlantic."

He was graduated in the summer of 1864, and in the fall of the same year entered the office of his father and brother, who were large wool dealers. He thus writes: —

TO A. C. T.

"PHILADELPHIA, 8th Mo., 20th, 1864.

"I propose commencing regularly in the store on the first of next month, from which

day my salary will begin. Meanwhile D. bribes me to come in as often as I feel inclined and earn some money for myself. . . . I have already, out of the money thus obtained, bought that new three-volume edition of Scott's poems. I have also found a delightful place for soda water, and if they had sold tickets I would certainly have bought a dollar's worth."

TO THE SAME.

"12th Mo., 3d, 1864.

. . . "I do not have many invitations of the kind [referring to evening companies], but nevertheless am scarcely ever in of an evening. Three nights out of the week I go to the Life Class at the Academy, where the two hours and a half go like a flash while one is drawing from the model; and on Thursdays (5th days) I attend the Sketch Club, to which I was elected a few weeks ago. It is a very pleasant affair,

composed of about a dozen artists and lovers of art, who meet on that evening in a delightful little room round in 11th Street to sketch from a subject given out each evening. . . . Don't grumble any more about length in my letters, because I get in a great deal more on a page than you do; and here are eight pages, full ones, too: so write within two weeks to your attached friend."

TO THE SAME.

"STORE, 1st Mo., 3d, 1865.

"I found your fat letter on the desk when I came down this morning, with my fingers' ends so cold, and my poor knees so stiff and blue from my skating holiday yesterday afternoon. It was quite jolly to draw up to the open-grate fire and read it through, then to contemplate the photograph, re-read some parts, and look at the couplet, which I have not clearly made out yet." [A Greek couplet quoted in the letter.]

TO THE SAME.

"HOME, January 14, 1865.

"I have two things to tell you about. First, our walk: there was nothing marvelous about it, only that it was to a part of the city I had never set eyes upon. . . . The second thing is, our Locust Street Mission. I go to it every first day afternoon at two o'clock, with sister H., and sometimes H. E. . . . The managers of the Locust Street Mission have this year put up a nice new building in Locust, above 9th, for a schoolhouse. The average attendance is 125; on Christmas Day and thereabouts the assemblage was enormous. There are now nearly thirty teachers, many of them young girls, the P.'s, Misses J.'s, etc., C. R., B.'s, and others. By the way, — is about the prettiest girl I ever saw. I'd like to muster the audacity to walk home with her, but it is a long-established custom for the — to perform that duty.

"I have n't informed you yet about the auction I attended a short time before Christmas. I bought Aristophanes (complete), translation, in two vols.; Sophocles; Lamb's 'Specimens of the Early English Dramatists,' a book I have been wanting; Butler's 'Hudibras,' with variorum notes, an illustrated edition; and Reynolds' Complete Works, two vols., another book I have wanted very much. All of them are good Bohns, and averaged \$1.13 each. You should have seen me tugging them up home under my arm, with a stiff breeze blowing. . . . Be sure and not be over two weeks in answering."

TO THE SAME.

"STORE, 3d Mo., 16th, 1865.

"I have been to the library and got out 'The Romance of a Poor Young Man,' and ——. The first book I commenced last eve, and read, say twenty pages. At 10.30 I took it up, got absorbed, and finished it

by 2.30 A. M., highly pleased. . . . It would take too long to give you a full résumé of the book. . . . These things are inclined to make a fellow dreadfully sentimental; but then there is a keen pleasure in imagining yourself the hero in the romance, and then reading the admirable responses you make, or the apropos questions you ask, or the deep-meaning speeches you send forth with apparently little preparation, and, above all, the grand finale. . . .

"Is n't it a jolly day! It is now just 1.15, and I was trying to imagine what you fellows are doing [at Haverford]. I expect you have finished your dinner of beefsteak and rice pudding, and are now sitting at your desk looking over some of your books, as you used to. Then you will take a walk during the afternoon with some fellow (Ned B., I suppose). I often look back with pleasure to the afternoon on which we strolled about among the beds of violets, pulling their heads, and capping verses.

My! how I did ransack 'L' Allegro' and 'Lycidas' for D.'s and G.'s, etc.!"

In other letters written about this time he refers to works of fiction that he was reading or glancing at, and his criticisms are often keen and discriminating. Never a novel-reader in the ordinary sense of the term, he became so convinced from his own slight experience that novel-reading was injurious that he soon gave up the practice, and ever afterwards did all he could to discourage the reading of fiction.

TO A. C. T.

"7th Mo., 19th, 1865.

"Since writing this I have dined, balanced my cash, written to D., and played with the kitten, which now sits on the upper part of this sheet watching my hand, as it guides the pen, with intent eyes (the kitten, not the hand, I refer to). Yesterday afternoon, despite the cloudy sky, a party

of eight Haverford boys went over to Camden and played from five to seven. It felt jolly to have a bat in my hand once more, and to backstop the wides that were bowled. A large excursion party were constantly emerging from the woods hard by, and blocking up our crease. Some girls were hit by the balls about six times. You ought to have seen 'P.' W. running around with his high hat and goggles on."

TO THE SAME.

"GERMANTOWN, August 20, 1865.

"You may imagine me, if you choose, seated on a campstool (with a back to it) in that particular part of our little lawn which to-day is favorable to the breezes. The hour is five; my lazy brother still sleeps on the sofa in the sitting-room, immersed in those fly-infested naps peculiar to summer afternoons. This time two weeks ago I was in a very different situation. . . . The two weeks I spent up in the mountains

[Catskills] I think I can say were among the happiest of my life, rendered so by a union of extremely pleasant society with excursions through magnificent scenery. We staid at a little farmhouse three and three quarters miles from the Mountain House, kept by Mr. Charles W. Haines (the Christian name is necessary, to prove identity, since the family is a very large one; as the stage-driver told the traveler, 'they are uncles for three miles, and cousins all the rest of the way.') . . . Enough walks were taken to bring up my score to one hundred miles of tramping."

TO THE SAME.

"PHILADELPHIA, 1st Mo., 2d, 1866.

"At sister H.'s proposal, about nine o'clock we went round to the Rev. Mr. Longacre's church, where, on every New Year's Eve, a love-feast is held. We expected to stay only an hour, but became so much interested that we remained through-

out, and only reached home again by 12.45 A. M. . . . While I write this, there comes to the desk a man (a distant relation of mine, named S.), who, for the last four years, has been in the rebel army as a surgeon; he also is writing a letter—to his parents, I suppose; no, it is n't either, for he has just finished with a few lines; but does it not seem strange to meet men who have fought against us and hated us for so long? . . .

“Have you this winter been introduced to many fashionable girls? How are they to be talked to? It seems as though nothing but *nothing* would satisfy them, and talking ‘airy nothings’ is a thing I can't do. I'm very much afraid I am what is called a prig (you know what that means).”

TO THE SAME.

“8th Mo., 8th, 1866.

“I am now once more launching out on the grand ocean of Roman history, with a

supernatural glimpse through the fog of England as delineated by Macaulay. By this periphrasis I mean that I am on the second volume of Gibbon (I forget the first by this time), and contemplate buying Hurd & Houghton's new edition of Macaulay."

Extracts from other letters might be given, showing how, as time went on, his taste improved in literature and in art; how, almost imperceptibly to himself, the soberer side of life and its duties became more interesting to him, for we find him quoting from Madame Guyon, referring to George Fox and to Phillips Brooks, and other grave and religious writers.

TO A. C. T.

"PHILADELPHIA, 12th Mo., 14th, 1867.

"It is not worth while for you to become downcast, as you seem to have been when you wrote the first sheet of your letter. Every one who is worth anything always

has occasional fits of distrustfulness. It is only the empty-headed who are always self-satisfied. The mention of the course of study you are pursuing awakens my admiration. I am rapidly coming to believe that the only kind of reading which conveys genuine pleasure in the long run is that which has truth to back it. Really, I guess that is a solecism. What I meant was simply that it is much better and more satisfying to peruse history and biography, etc., with some purpose in view, than the most delightful of romances."

His life during these years was marked by no special incidents. He applied himself closely to business, and continued his reading and sketching; his teaching in the Locust Street Mission School was also kept up. A trip to the Adirondacks or Catskills in the summer, his sketch-book being his invariable companion, varied his surroundings, and always was a source of great

enjoyment. During the fall of 1867 he was often slightly unwell, and during the winter of 1867-68 he had an attack of illness. It seemed best for him to have an entire change; so in the fourth month, 1868, in company with his brother G. and his college friend, A. C. T., he sailed from New York in the Cunard steamship *Australasian*. After a pleasant voyage the travelers landed in Liverpool, and leaving his brother, whose home was in England, the two young men started on a nine months' tour. The old college friendship thus renewed was strengthened by this close companionship, and the tour was always remembered with peculiar pleasure by both. Not long enough removed from his studies to have their impressions dimmed, and yet having seen enough of life to gain considerable maturity of judgment, he made his first trip abroad under remarkably favorable auspices. Few travelers can have received greater enjoyment than he. It

was an unusually dry summer in England, and the travelers were rarely hindered by a rainy day. Pencil and sketch-book were always ready to note down a charming "bit" of scenery, or cottage, or some rural scene which struck his fancy. Thus he would sketch while his companion would read, often aloud, some passage relating to the place thus transferred in miniature to his book. The greenness of England, and, as he loved to call them, the picturesque "bits" of landscape so abundant there, the ever-varying effects of light and shade produced by the clouds which are so much more frequent than in America, were exceedingly attractive to him, and he would often be unable to restrain his delight, or to express in words his artistic pleasure in the scene before him. His sketch-book also often made for the travelers very pleasant acquaintances. All through the tour, the first day of the week was observed as a day of rest by the expressed wish of both



companions before leaving home. Wherever practicable, Friends' meetings were attended, and one week was given to the attendance of the London Yearly Meeting of Friends. The tour embraced England, North Wales, and Scotland as far as the Caledonian Canal, Belgium, parts of France, Germany, and Bohemia; two most enjoyable months were spent in Switzerland and in Rome; North Italy, with its wonderfully interesting cities, and Naples, Sorrento, and Pompeii were also included. The travelers reached America, after a long and rather stormy voyage, late in the 12th month.

During this long association he rarely spoke of his inmost feelings, but he was evidently deepening in his character; this was shown in many ways, among them the daily reading in his Bible, which was not done in a perfunctory manner.

His brother D. going abroad soon after his own return, he was kept closely confined

to business the following year, but his letters are full of the retrospect of his trip, and of the enjoyment he had in his reading, and in visiting art exhibitions. His interest in religious matters kept increasing; he felt that there was a rest of the soul that he had not obtained, and for which he longed.

In the spring of 1871 he took a business trip to California. This he felt to be a great responsibility. He had abundance of time on the long journey for reflection, and his letters show the workings of his mind. He writes from Chicago: —

TO HIS SISTER J.

"3d Mo., 5th, 1871.

. . . "It was very sweet to read thy letter this morning in this strange city, on my way from the church to my hotel, and it is none the less so now that I read it again this evening. Thee loves me a great deal more than I deserve, dear sister. I have

done very little to merit such affection, but thy heart is full of it, and a very little kindness brings a response. Thee draws thy stores of love from a never-failing source that makes it pure, unselfish, always true. I believe there is a little spark of such love in my heart, too, but so little that it often does not seem alive. It is too easily covered over with other things, though I want to have it grow into a fire, and give warmth to every action. It is hard for me to speak of myself at all, but easier in writing than in words, and thy sweet letter called for an answer. It is a great solace when away to know that thee and sister H. are thinking of me. The prayer thee uttered at the family table has come up before me many times during the long ride in the cars, and to-day, when I have felt lonely, and has done me good."

He greatly enjoyed the new sights and scenes which his trip afforded him. He

writes of part of the journey as follows, referring to the western slope of the Sierra Nevadas :—

TO A. C. T.

. . . "As we went on, the grass kept growing greener and greener. Little cottages grew frequent, each overshadowed with one or more huge live-oak trees of a dark bottle-green hue, and neatly surrounded with their whitewashed fences, and kept freshly painted, presented a most cheerful and encouraging sight. I became enraptured, everything was so much more strange and artistic-looking than I had expected. During that day's ride, from the base of the mountains to the neighborhood of San Francisco, every valley we passed through was actually more verdant and richer than the last. The hills, with the most *delicious* live oaks straggling up and down the picturesque ravines, reminded me now of Italy and then of Scotland. The

plains in many places were dyed with the rich colors given by wild flowers that covered the country for miles, — blue, crimson, violet, yellow, or the deepest orange, all appearing and helping to render the scene like fairyland. I stood on the platform, drinking in the fresh air, hardly able to contain myself for joy."

On his return from California he was, as usual, closely occupied with business and other matters. He thus writes to a friend who had announced his engagement:—

"PHILADELPHIA, 5th Mo., 25th, 1871.

"The last few years have given me a much better idea of the responsibilities a man assumes when he marries, from my having seen several of my friends enter into that state. . . . But, my dear boy (for, though I suppose we are both men, I feel like a boy and think of you as I do myself), if your betrothed is, what I have no doubt

she is, a religious woman, and possessing, in addition, the bright temperament, quick mind, good judgment, and solidity that you claim, I do most heartily congratulate you. I don't think a man is fully developed until he finds a suitable wife and assumes the responsibilities of wedded life, and when such an one promises to enter into the bond with him there is cause for congratulation. May God bless you and her."

On the 5th of 9th month, 1871, he sailed for a short trip to England, chiefly on business. He found time, however, to run through Ireland, renew his acquaintance with England and English friends, and spend a few weeks in France and Spain, before returning in the 12th month.

He greatly enjoyed the new experiences in visiting Spain, and the beautiful scenery appealed powerfully to him. He writes from Barcelona:—

TO A. C. T.

"BARCELONA, 10th Mo., 28th, 1871.

. . . . "The Alhambra and the surroundings of Granada were finer than my imagination had ever pictured, and I longed to spend months there. At every turn were the most bewitching pictures ready-made for the artist. I only had three days, and one of them rainy, in which to see all the sights and sketch. . . . At one place in the evening, when there was no place to sit in the wretched hotel, I went into a pastry shop and spent two hours or more in sketching portraits, in colored crayons, of people who kept coming in. After that I counted fifteen warm friends in the town, who would have helped me in any way they could. On the Java I won the good will of and entrée to the cabins of three of the officers by the same means."

Notwithstanding his love for art, he never let it interfere with duties. He writes, 6th month, 11th, 1872:—

TO THE SAME.

"I have not touched a brush for months, not finding any opportunity for painting without neglecting more important things. Perhaps I can make a little time after getting settled at 'The Chestnuts,' while the long evenings last. My love for pictures does not abate in the slightest, but I find my taste grown much more fastidious than a few years ago."

During all these months and years he had been conscious of need; of living an unsatisfying life; of self occupying the most prominent place in his thoughts. Earnest desires for a different and a better experience filled his heart; but he could not see that in Christ there was full pardon for all transgressions, and rest for every truly seeking soul. At last, feeling that he must consult some one, he went to see a friend, who has kindly furnished the following account of the interview: —

“ I remember vividly the evening Edward L. Scull spent with me in the summer of 1872, and our very interesting conversation. He told me of his longing desire to be a Christian, and to feel and know that he was indeed in the Master’s fold. I found, what I had always believed, that he had no doubts on points of evangelical faith, but that his diffident and self-distrustful disposition made him fearful that he could not love his Saviour enough, and would be unable to keep his vows. Feeling intensely my responsibility in being consulted on such a matter, happily it was very clear to me that it was my duty to cheer and encourage him. I told him that his very *longing* to love Christ *was* love ; that his fears that he could not love Him *enough* proved that he did love Him, although not yet with a perfect love ; that He did not require of us anything beyond our ability, and if we once committed ourselves to his keeping, our ability would increase with each day’s need.

•

I told him then that he must drive away the fear that he would not have strength to follow Him, for that fear was of the nature of unbelief. I encouraged him to 'step out' boldly and with great confidence, 'on the promises,' trusting the Lord in all things, by a definite act taking Him for his Master, and consecrating himself to his service. I told him also that Christian character, which is the test of faith, was of gradual growth, and that he would go on from strength to strength if he once committed himself to his Lord. I was never in my life more deeply moved in a conversation of this kind, and, baptized into deepest sympathy with this sincerely seeking soul, I found myself on my knees pleading in his behalf. Before he left, his fears and self-distrust had in a measure cleared away, and he was happy in the prospect of conscious union with Christ. The next day I received the following letter : —

“‘ PHILADELPHIA, 7th Mo., 20th, 1872.

“‘ MY DEAR FRIEND, — Before commencing the day's work, I feel as if I must thank thee for thy words last evening. My chief mistake heretofore has been in expecting a perceptible answer to my petitions for a believing heart; in calling, and then waiting as it were to hear the answer; in looking for some decided and sudden change in my feelings, as the result of my efforts. This must be wrong. I am going now to try and believe the many *promises* which the Bible gives us, to trust in them, and cease to look for an immediate transformation in my character. I do not know exactly what true contrition of heart is, but I often feel as if I might be experiencing some degree of it, and if so, I must and do believe that God will not despise my offering; and yet it seems as if it were all being done without any reference to the Saviour, except through whom, the Bible says distinctly, “no man cometh unto the Father.”

I can only hope that this full and efficient belief may come gradually. I have for so long a time been accustomed to thinking of myself as not a Christian (I do not like to say an unbeliever) that the thought of my being saved from the power of sin, and made congenial in spirit with believers here, and fit for heaven hereafter, is almost too much. It has always seemed so remote; but now to contemplate the possibility of a salvation near at hand makes my heart beat quicker, and the tears come to my eyes. It does seem so undeserved. Thy kind words last night put a new hope into my heart, for it had not occurred to me that I had made any progress. I seemed to be knocking, knocking, knocking all the time, and obtaining no reply, and even now I do not quite see wherein my hope consists, although I feel that I *am* hopeful.

“‘Accept my sincere thanks.

“‘Very truly thy friend.’”

What followed can best be told in his own words : —

TO A. C. T.

“ PHILADELPHIA, 8th Mo., 6th, 1872.

. . . “ I do hope you will excuse me for a little sober talk, but, my dear friend, you are now entering on a phase of life which I know has caused you to think seriously already, and cannot fail, when fairly begun, to bring more responsibility and need for help than you have hitherto had. Since you left me I have (however presumptuous it may seem to say so) had the assurance of forgiveness bestowed upon me by my heavenly Father in a far more definite and consoling way than I ever supposed it would be my lot to experience. As I intimated in my letter last month, I have long been trying to obtain that pardon through the gift of a believing heart ; so long, in fact, that I was almost growing discouraged, until, one evening week before last, I found in the life of F. Wayland that,

good man as he undoubtedly was, he yet had never felt that full assurance of forgiveness which so many rejoice in. It at once came upon me that very likely it was to be so with me, and I resolved that henceforth I would try to rest on the promises of God, and accept what little faith He might give me. But, wonderful as it seems, that very night, just after retiring, I suddenly felt that the mercy I had so long been longing for had suddenly been vouchsafed me. I felt that my sins were forgiven through the precious sacrifice of Christ, and that henceforth I might hope to keep in God's favor as a child of his, if I lived up to my privileges. It seemed to me a wonderful instance of the Lord's goodness that He should have given me *all*, after I had had my mind brought into a state of willingness to accept *little*. I found that there was nothing at all of the *intellect* in this experience; it was wholly of the *heart*. The great joy of it all is the consciousness of *safety*,

the reliance in times of trouble and trial on a never-failing Comforter, and the privilege it gives of working for Him who has done *all* for us.

“ I feel almost certain that, if your life is spared, you will, if you do not now, fully share in the feelings I have expressed. No man of good sense, and such advantages of rearing as we have had, should fail to be dissatisfied with any other than a Christian life. I know for years I have despised myself for continuing to live for self; I still despise myself, but in a very different sort of way. The most we can do is so little, in comparison with what has been done for us, that it now seems to me we ought to do all that lies in our power to fit us for commencing as early as possible. I believe that my own guilt in going year after year without arousing, when I felt aware all the time of my own insecurity and of the increased responsibility my surroundings laid upon me, was far in excess of that which

rests upon many an outcast from society, whose opportunities for enlightenment may have been so small. . . .

“You are my only intimate friend, and, however more judiciously I might have written this letter, I never can, even should it lessen your love for me, regret having yielded to the feelings which prompted me to write it. I know that you as well as I have a dread of what might be called ‘experience-telling,’ and I trust I will never become accustomed to having such solemn passages in life made common talk, but I felt as if I must be open with *you*, if with *any* one, and I *have* to tell somebody of what a change has come over me. It has brightened me up somewhat, for I feel as if I had more right to be cheerful now.” . . .

About three years afterwards he writes in his private memoranda:—

“On the 24th of 7th month, 1872, after

some months of earnest desire to know of my feet having been set in his way of life, He was graciously pleased to give me light and great joy under a sense of his forgiveness of all my past sins through the merits of that sufficient offering once made by Jesus Christ at Calvary. I received the inward witness of his Spirit testifying that I had indeed been born into the kingdom, and was henceforth to walk in newness of life. In many respects I found that my life was new. I enjoyed our meetings for worship and also for business as I had not done before; but especially did I know that I had 'passed from death unto life' because I loved the brethren.

"Many times, under a sense of the great mercy of God towards an unworthy child like myself, have I shed tears in the silent parts of meetings, and realized my heart uplifted to the Lord for a renewal of strength, which He has often manifestly bestowed, so that I have been 'tendered'

greatly, and desired to 'walk softly' before Him all the days of my life. Frequently also were the times of retirement in the quiet of my room favored with the humbling presence of the Lord, so that the desire to be more truly his would be fresh for some time after going out into the street."

Thus, moved by no trials, touched by no great sorrow, having experienced no pecuniary losses, met with no disappointments, in the strength of early manhood, with a keen sense of the pleasures of this life, and with ample means to avail himself of them, he gave himself heartily to the service of his Lord; an act which he never ceased to look back upon with the deepest thankfulness and joy.

Soon after the letter just quoted from, he writes to his sister J. from Mt. Desert, sending on one side of the sheet a vivid pen-and-ink sketch of the view before him:—

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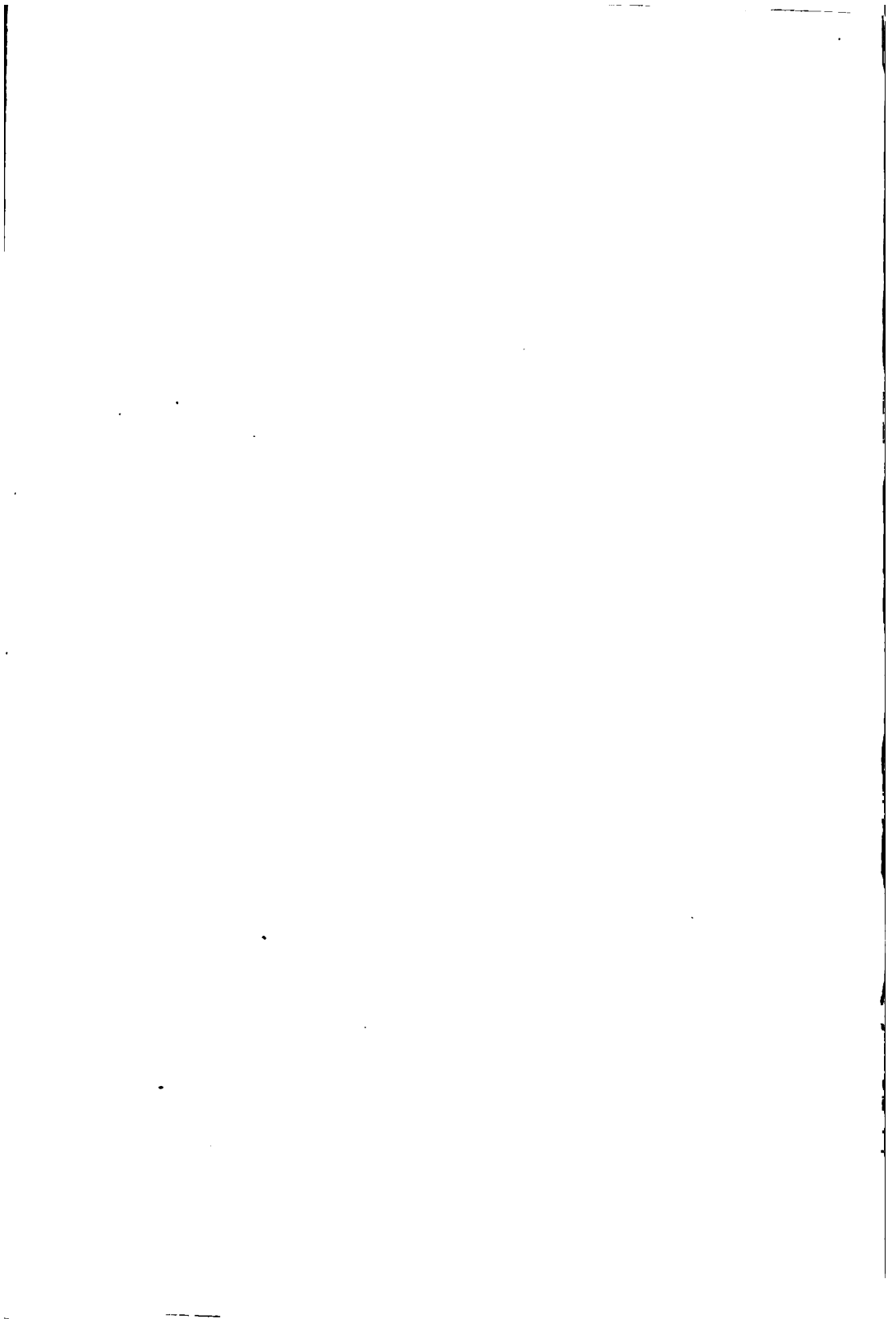
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"BAR HARBOR, MAINE, 8th Mo., 18th, 1872.

. . . " The one church-bell of the village is sounding the call, and behind the spire in which it hangs I can see beautiful Green Mountain, with the cloud shadows clothing its sides in purple. Last evening we had a lovely sunset; and after that the full moon, which, after being hidden from sight so long, seemed doubly beautiful. I can enjoy these things so *much* more deeply now because of that 'sweet peace' to which thee alludes. I certainly did experience it especially while traveling on the boat and cars on my way hither, and have much of the time since, in varying degrees. I am thankful to say that the consciousness of *safety* has not left me since it first came, and *that*, I am sure, is sufficient cause for peace. The great trouble is, that I feel myself so unworthy, and so liable to reflect discredit on my profession."

TO A. C. T.

"1516 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
9th Mo., 24th, 1872.

"Strange as it may seem, I believe that on the subject of religion one who wants advice will not speak to his best-loved and nearest ones, but prefers, by a subtle instinct, some less familiar friend in whom to confide. Perhaps I judge others by myself, but I felt a few months ago that it would be impossible for me to talk about my feelings to my dear sister J., who was *the* one, if any of my family, with whom to speak, and yet I was longing to do so all the time. Finally T. C. was made my confidant, and I believe much good came of the serious talk we had.

"Indeed, dear A., if you knew how desirous I am for all of my friends . . . to experience the wonderful blessing of *reconciliation with God* through a living belief in the atonement made by his Son, you would excuse me for writing as I have been doing

of late. To feel that you are no longer at enmity with Him is such unmixed joy! Indeed, this glorious hope of salvation can be the *only* source of real and permanent happiness, for what else can withstand Death, who is ever threatening and never fails to come sooner or later?"

TO HIS SISTER J.

"11th Mo., 2d, 1872.

"Last 4th day at meeting — came up and gave me such a squeeze of the hand! saying as he parted, 'I am in unity with thee, Edward Scull.' I suppose K. told him about me. But it was very sweet to be hailed as a fellow-pilgrim, and to see the love his face expressed. Thy face, too, dear, as thee left me the other day, was perfectly beaming with love, even more so than it used to months ago, although I often used to appreciate it in those times, and feel such sorrow that I could not return it in the same way, though in a lesser de-

gree. It must be, as thee says, the reflection of 'The Sun of Righteousness.' How delightful to bask in the beams of his love, and reflect them upon others! Sometimes I feel so near to God that I can just *trust* fully to Him, as though actually in his arms. It sounds very like presumption, I know, to talk in that way; but yet I do experience such love towards Him as to make me often believe I could bear the loss of every earthly relation and friend if only He should continue to own me as his son because of my faith in the dear Saviour. I know that this is a not unusual feeling with Christians, since there is no bound to God's love, but it is a perfect treasure to have for one's self, and I do not see how its owners can keep from speaking a little about it. Perhaps when trouble comes I may have my faith weakened, but at present it seems just as impossible for me *not to trust* as it used to be to do so. I want to establish myself as firmly as I possibly can before I am to be thus tried."

There are few records of the succeeding months ; after the first joy of believing, there comes the time of adjustment to the new life. With some the love grows cold ; the cares of every-day life, or perhaps trial and temptation, tend to weaken the faith of the young Christian. Too many, looking back to the peaceful hours they once enjoyed, the memory of which is still sweet, do not realize that, while the joy may not be so transporting as at first, it should grow in depth and be abiding. This latter experience was not that of Edward L. Scull, as his letters show, and as his friends can testify. He seems from the first never to have lost the sense of the loving care of the Lord and the joy of abiding in Him, and he was able to commit all into his care and keeping.

TO HIS SISTER J.

"STORE, 1st Mo., 31st, 1873.

"I find it such a solid satisfaction to feel that I can with safety trust thee, and so many more of our loved ones, to the keeping of our heavenly Father, believing fully that whatever He ordains is the very best thing, since his wisdom is perfect and it is impossible for Him to err. . . . With so many wonderful instances of answered prayer brought to notice, I cannot help believing that it is to each one of us 'according to our faith,' and yet in practice it seems very hard often, no matter how thoroughly we believe in the power of God to perform, to yet *fully expect* that He *will* accomplish some very hard thing in the way of spiritual good to others because two or more of his children are agreed in asking. . . . And yet the thought of hindering a good work by a want of faith is a sad one. I can only try to be obedient, and *trust* in the Lord with all my heart.

"Has thee ever read the life of Adelaide L. Newton? It contains many beautiful thoughts, and sets forth a lovely Christian life."

The deepening of his spiritual experience is shown by his rapidly growing interest in the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of all with whom he came into contact. He speaks frequently of longing "that an opportunity may yet offer for me to say a few words of a serious character," but he adds, "it is a delicate matter." Many works of public and private charity had his sympathy and aid personally and pecuniarily. Education, also, was a subject in which he was deeply interested. Referring to mission meetings among the degraded, he writes:—

TO A. C. T.

"PHILADELPHIA, 3d Mo., 8th, 1873.

. . . "I have very little faith in the *sudden changes* supposed to be effected at reli-

gious meetings ; but to awaken a desire for better things, and then afford an opportunity for avoiding old temptations, seems to me to be something *practical*, which may under God's blessing result in lasting spiritual good to many. It is almost awful to think how fast time is going, and how much there is in one way or another — little things as well as great — that each one of us can do. The parable of the talents is not unfrequently almost oppressive to me, until I comfort myself by remembering that I am willing and desirous to do what seems required. And yet it is so hard to know one's own heart truly that, perhaps, I am mistaken ; but God knows the secrets of each heart, and we can lay ourselves at his feet and ask his forgiveness, and beg for a more single eye, and a quicker ear to hear his commands. How glorious to know that we have to do with Omniscience itself, and not with something fallible and liable to misjudge !”

TO THE SAME.

"6th Mo., 25th, 1873.

"Doubtless, if we had the management of our own visitations, spiritual as well as temporal, we would make great mistakes at times, and I often think what a great blessing it is that our future is wholly in the hands of Him who created us, and all around us, and who knows our needs so much better than we do ourselves. It is a commonplace thought, but not without its consolation. The ambition is growing with me to yield entire submission to that perfect will of God whose accomplishment must be the best, the most sublime thing poor man can strive for. But the more I desire this, the more plainly I see the difficulties *self* presents, *self*, the worst enemy one has. How ceaseless are the proud thoughts, the judging thoughts, the evil thoughts, the hasty words and sometimes deeds which wound others' feelings, the unfaithfulness, the strange inconsistencies,

which seem to come of themselves!— they seem ‘bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.’ I cannot understand how such things can be done away with by one effort—an extra effort, as it were— of faith, which I think is the doctrine set forth by —. Must it not be a gradual growth in grace, a coming to victory as a warrior who has known defeats as well as triumphs, whose faith has grown by repeated tests of his captain’s mighty power? Oh, how I long for more love! That, I believe, is the secret of power,— a deep-growing personal love for Him who died to give us the gift of eternal life,— and instead there is such coldness with me that I am ashamed and humiliated. The only comfort is that there is some love, little as it is, and I hope it will grow. Excuse all this,— you are my only intimate friend; my sister J., who is the only one I can talk so deeply with, is not at home.

“ I am delighted with the ‘ Memorials of

a Quiet Life.' . . . I am at the same time reading a little work in French by Count de Montalembert, 'The Memoirs of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary,' very mediæval and sweet in its way; also McLeod Campbell's book, 'Christ the Bread of Life,' and A. Newton's work on the Hebrews (Epistle to the). So you see I have quite a variety."

He spent his vacation among the White Mountains, making as usual pleasant acquaintances, and greatly enjoying the natural beauties of the scenery. He now had closed the first year of his new life, and thus briefly refers to his experience in the following letter: —

TO HIS SISTER J.

"INTERVALE HOUSE, near North Conway, N. H.
9th Mo., 4th, 1873.

"I regret many idle words that seem unavoidable if one mixes at all with worldly people; but I do believe, after considering

the subject, that I have made a little progress since this time a year ago, and that I have a little more self-recollectedness (if thee understands the term) than when at Mt. Desert last summer."

TO A. C. T.

"PHILADELPHIA, 10th Mo., 25th, 1873.

"My visit to Baltimore [Yearly Meeting] did me good, and I feel more like going some day to one of the Western Yearly Meetings, if the way opens. I would like to obtain a more intelligent idea of the situation in which Western Friends are placed, and come to know more of them personally."

His natural disposition was to shrink from anything like publicity, and thus far he had taken only the place of a learner, eager to receive instruction in spiritual things; still he had felt for some time that he might have to take a public part in the

preaching of the gospel. How this impression deepened into conviction, the following extract from his private memoranda will show : —

“ 10th Mo., 26th, 1873.

“ This day at meeting, after an interesting sermon from Samuel Bettie, a long and earnest exhortation from Joseph John Dymond, of England, and prayers from a female and male Friend ; the former, at present unknown to me,¹ arose and spoke not very fervently, but with power and much love and entreaty, to those who had not looked unto Christ and come into the full light of the gospel. Just as we supposed she was closing, she said : ‘ I thought I was done, but find there is something yet left for me to say, unexpectedly, to some of the youth in this meeting who are not, as was little David who went out against the giant, little of stature, but are tall and seen of all men, and yet wish to be

¹ Afterwards found to be Sabina Clark of Indiana.

hidden from view. It is not for these to frustrate the Lord's work' (or something similar). 'He wills: we must obey; be faithful,' and other words, slowly spoken, to the same import. This message (I cannot believe it other than such) came home to my heart in connection with the burden of my thoughts just before going to meeting, and during many days at different times. I have had the sense, for some months, of service being contemplated for me in the way of public ministry. But, O my God! Thou alone knowest the work to be done by thy Spirit in my heart before I may be fit for the fulfilling of thy bidding. I know Thou 'art able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think,' and that Thou canst qualify even the poorest of instruments; but Thou seest my rebellious heart, and my exceeding weakness, how slight the love in my soul for my Redeemer; how sensitive my poor mind is to the opinions of men; and yet, my God,

Thou art pleased to raise at times some desires for implicit obedience to thy inspeaking voice, and for more opened spiritual ears wherewith to hear that blessed voice. Take me, O Lord, into thy care, and bear with me until my proud will is laid low to do thy glorious will."

TO A. C. T.

"11th Mo., 18th, 1873.

"I often find myself wondering what can be in store for me, seeing that thus far I have had *no* real troubles, no great anxieties of any kind, but a life full of blessings to body and soul; and yet, with such favorable surroundings, I seem to have made Him no return excepting of that small portion of my heart and the little of my time and strength given to Him, which seem indeed nothing. I do desire to commit my way unto Him; to *yield myself wholly* to Him, and *when* I can do that I believe He will bring to pass his gracious purposes

concerning me. . . . I do not doubt but that I in my turn will have trials to bear. . . . Let us both *then* remember how it was in times past, and for the present strive to realize, what I fully believe (though not from a personal experience of any depth), that the child of God does grow in spiritual strength more rapidly in times of trouble than when at ease. It seems natural to take a tighter hold of the shrouds when the vessel rocks most, and I think we are never so enabled to closely appropriate the sweet promises of our God as when we feel ourselves shaken under his visitations. They (the promises) seem indeed, as thou art finding, almost the only sure things, and how delightful is the assurance as to their absolute fixedness which we are justified in feeling! Even though the earth be removed, and the stars blotted out, *they* can never change. As thou says, there are, indeed, compensating things. . . . There is a good text I often think of: 'My God shall sup-

ply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.' Excuse my letter. I have not written as I intended. I wish thou could suggest some plan by which I may study the Bible profitably. I feel so very ignorant about it. At present I lack a definite object in view, and so forget most of what I read and even enjoy at the time."

TO THE SAME.

"1516 ARCH ST., First-day Evening,
3d Mo., 8th, 1874.

. . . "Ah, my dear friend, I realize in my own case how even such a little grain of divine love as God has given me in the revelation of his forgiveness through our Lord and Saviour, — how it changes the aims and occupations of life, making me love those whom I used to shun, and enjoy those things which were once so onerous. And then to have that gnawing unrest and anxiety for the future removed is a blessing indeed! There used to be a sinking

of heart whenever the mind turned upon serious thoughts which are now so delightful; but now, although I cannot claim much if any of that ecstatic realization of the presence of Him who was once among men in the flesh and is now our risen Lord, such as many others enjoy, and which must be a great privilege, yet I am often favored with a certain degree of quiet trust in the Lord.

“Oh that it may grow to the including of all my heart; that all leaning to my own understanding may in time be removed; that I may come to acknowledge Him in *all* my ways, and then realize Him to direct my paths! It is true, what the older Friends say, that as we advance we are obliged to walk less by sight and more by faith, and it is my earnest desire that faith may quicken more and more my spiritual ears, so that, if I cannot see and feel my Lord and Master, I may at least hear his voice even in its lowest whispers; and then for the grace to

obey Him. Excuse so much reference to myself, but there is yet one subject I would speak of, and upon which, if thee feels freedom to write, I would be glad to have thy mind. At intervals for nearly a year, and increasingly during the last few months, I have felt that there is an inconsistency in my language and deportment towards different people, and a want of constant recollection of God, acknowledgment of Him, which must be remedied before I can hope to make much further progress in the spiritual life; and I often feel that one means towards this, for me, with my education such as it has been, is the adoption of the plain, or rather Quaker, coat, hard as would be the cross. If there were only some way of showing one is a Friend, without having to assume that dangerous regulation garment (for I know there are many dangers accompanying its use), I would not be long in adopting such a costume, for I do believe in Friends' doctrines, and want all peo-

ple to know more of the spirituality of the Christian religion as believed in by our sect, and also to have spread the love for peace, and the belief in the complete guidance of the Holy Spirit. But while women may be consistently plain and sufficiently different from the world to be known as Friends without wearing an old-fashioned plain bonnet, with men there seems no alternative but to put on a singular uniform, which, as regards its peculiar cut, seems to have no reason at all about it. I do not wish to make this step seem too important a thing, but it seems to me to be equivalent to making a very high profession before the world, which an ordinary dress must help to render less obvious, and that it therefore calls for serious self-examination and knowledge before taking. I should like to have thy views on the subject, if thee feels liberty to write them.

“I have been much interested for some three months past in the starting of a

new free reading-room in the basement of our Apprentices' Library. It has been open now for several weeks, and from the first proved a most decided success, which, after the hazarding of some \$1,500 (collected from the public for the purpose of making the needed alterations), is of course very gratifying to all who have been concerned in the movement. Some 150 men attend every afternoon and evening (open from two to ten P. M.), and behave very well. It evidently meets a want that has existed for some time in our city. . . .

"I was twenty-eight years old on the 7th. Just think of it! Half of an average life gone! I do not dislike looking forward, however; thanks be unto Him for his unspeakable gift."

On reflection, he thought best to defer making any change in his dress until he should see further light on the matter.

TO THE SAME.

"3d Mo., 16th, 1874.

. . . "The half leaf [of this letter] is torn off, because I wrote something I thought it not worth while to send. I find myself often tempted to express 'more than is meet,' as old Friends say.

"Thanks for thy invitation to come down, which I shall hope to do some day, but not at present. I expect you have very interesting meetings on Fourth-day evenings, and that they help greatly to create an interest in religion among those who attend. How glad I would be to see more of an interest among some of our attenders at 12th Street, as well as the other meetings! Please remember me most heartily to thy wife. I often think of you both and of the glimpses I have had of you in your cosy home."

TO THE SAME.

"125 Market St., PHILADELPHIA,
5th Mo., 5th, 1874.

"It does indeed require steadfastness of purpose, much energy, and determination, to make straight steps Zionward. I often feel as if I were not making the progress I ought to, if indeed any at all, for I begin to realize that gradually we are called upon to walk more by *faith* and less by sight; and as the novelty of the new experience wears off, the tendency seems to be to relax a little in vigor and grow lukewarm. . . .

"I ran up to Niagara Falls for a few hours on Seventh-day a week ago, and though it was cold and gloomy I enjoyed my walk around Goat Island, and my long look at the Falls. The afternoon was rainy, and I was glad to return to Rochester.

"Of course I went to Friends' meeting the following day, that having been my chief object in staying at the place. It was very small, owing partly to the heavy snow-

storm; but there are only about thirty Friends there, and their large house seems to swallow them up. . . . I was sorry to see a sort of *pulpit* erected on the small platform, . . . and behind, instead of the usual ministers' benches, was one short one with seats for five persons only, and the *central one more* conspicuous than the rest. Now anything that tends to direct attention and expectation upon any human minister is so radically opposed to, not Quakerism only, but the teachings of the Bible as I understand them to apply to *worship*, that there seemed to me herein something of a return to the 'beggarly elements' on the one side, as much as is the dead silence which pervades so many of our country meetings on the other. I succeeded in shutting out of sight these unusual things, and had a good meeting."

The preceding letter incidentally touches upon a point not referred to as yet. Brought

up as a Friend, and his tastes inclining him towards their doctrines, he now became from earnest convictions what he nominally was before, and never in the slightest degree wavered from the feeling that his fellowship in the church of Christ was with the Society of Friends. Especially dear to him was the prominence given by that body to the belief in the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit, and in the ministry being a spiritual gift bestowed by the great Head of the church, and only to be exercised under his direction. From this time forward he took a strong and ever increasing interest in the welfare of his beloved branch of the church. He did not lose his interest in other things, however. He writes 10th mo., 20th, 1874: "Last week I was put on the Haverford College Board. I hope they will allow me to act with the library committee, as I think I can be of more service that way than otherwise." He gave much attention to the duties of his

position as a manager of the college, and was one of the most useful of the board as long as health permitted.

TO A. C. T.

"1516 ARCH ST., 1st Mo., 27th, 1875.

"Thee will doubtless be surprised to hear that I am writing this in bed, having been sent there by the doctor yesterday afternoon, after a day of suffering somewhat like that thee remembers at Interlaken. . . . I hope the General Meeting [at Baltimore] will prove a favored season. I should like much to have attended some of its sittings. I often think, when in meetings, how blessed a thing it would be were 'the eyes of all in the assembly fastened upon Him' whom we profess to come together to meet and worship, and I greatly desire *that* may be the state of all his followers in these meetings. What life there would be, and what unity!

"I was thinking yesterday, dear A., of

one or two things I said that evening we were sitting by the fire at thy house, which I fear were not spoken in quite a right spirit. My tongue often gives me trouble."

TO THE SAME.

"CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y.,
2d Mo., 23, 1875.

"I do not consider myself a regular patient by any means, and so cannot enter into the spirit of the place. . . . I am enjoying good health, I am thankful to say. . . . I feel that it would not be right for me to devote *much* time or thought to the subject [genealogy], but think some interest in it allowable, and want, as opportunity may offer, to hunt up the origin of our progenitor, at whose house John Fothergill and Thomas Chalkley, in their journals about 1723, record having held meetings. . . . By a letter from R. P. K. it appears that he and Dr. R. have been having good service up in Maine, attending three quarterly meetings, many

regular meetings for worship, appointing others; resulting, I truly believe, through the divine blessing, in real accessions to the living church. It is splendid, is it not, to think of those two men laboring together, to the end that men's eyes may be opened? Such disinterested labor, self-denying in so many ways! . . . Would that I might come to realize what a constant dependence upon Him is, that He might be my Life, for it does seem the only right way of living, and yet one which I find much easier to talk about than to practice."

TO THE SAME.

"125 MARKET ST. [PHILADELPHIA],
4th Mo., 7th, 1875.

"It has been longer than I intended since my last letter, but now I am fairly settled at home again, there are more opportunities, strange as it may seem, than at Clifton, and I avail myself of one of them. The last three weeks of the five passed at

Clifton were very pleasant, though I enjoyed the whole sojourn very much in a quiet way, and did not feel very eager to return home. The sketch-book and pencil contributed greatly to the enjoyment during that period, and also accounted in part for the want of time to write letters. It was an excellent opportunity for me to study heads, and the time was pretty well improved in that direction after a beginning was once made, as the sketch-books testify. It was of interest to note the increased difficulty in making a likeness of an *intellectual* face over that felt in sketching from illiterate folks, who formed the majority of my sitters. My most distinguished patron was Professor Henry B. Smith, of the Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., of whom I may have spoken to thee, in the previous letter, as an accomplished scholar and agreeable, unassuming man. . . . It was his likeness that I found more difficult than any other, although every facility

was afforded for its execution. Soon after my return I was surprised at receiving a 'Round Robin' from some twenty-two of the pleasantest people, with whom the daily intercourse of the gymnasium, baths, and parlor had established kind relations. It was flattering to receive such a document, but very hard to answer it, and I am quite ashamed of the doggerel which finally went as a response.

"On the way home I had a real treat in New York, at the rooms of the Historical Society, where the collection of Egyptian antiquities kept me closely engaged for three hours. . . .

"Now let us turn to Haverford. . . . There now seems a fair prospect of important improvements being undertaken in the way of putting up a new building to give accommodation for about fifty students.

"Our Charter School, next to 12th Street Meeting-house, is a very attractive place. It seems to be doing very well thus far."

The plans for the new buildings at Haverford, and some new arrangements in the organization of the faculty, occupied much of his spare time for several months, and his letters show the deep interest he took in all matters connected with education.

TO THE SAME.

"PHILADELPHIA, 5th Mo., 10th, 1875.

"I have for some time been wishing to write to thee about Yearly Meeting. . . . We had what my limited experience would lead me to term almost entirely peaceable and at times solemn and weighty gatherings, wherein the gospel was preached with more power than ordinarily. I much enjoyed meeting with Friends from North Carolina,—D. J. Barker and his son, and L. and N. C.; the latter might be termed an exhorting elder, giving the impression, both he and L., of being singularly humble-minded, watchful followers of Him to whom they appear to have given their lives."

He had a short time previously undertaken the superintendence of the First-day school held in a room at 12th Street Meeting-house.

TO THE SAME.

"4th Mo., 7th, 1875.

"I have been three First-days now at 12th Street school, and feel much interested in it, and, though sensible of some of my deficiencies, it seems the right place at present."

"5th Mo., 10th, 1875.

"Our school at 12th Street goes on in a quiet way, some of the scholars seeming interested and fond of their teachers, though the number on the roll is now very small, owing, I suppose, in the main to the number of good teachers who have been obliged to leave the past year. I feel much interested in the welfare of the children, though feeling at a disadvantage among teachers who are so much older and more experienced than myself, and who have been with

Oh! that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That Truth my Tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived in my breast.
But what are wishes? Lord, on Thee
Mine eyes are turned, to Thee I flee!
Take Thou and purify my heart
And make it clean in every part
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it too
For that is more than I can do

the school so long. The scholars seem interested in what I have had to say to them at the closing of the school, and, after I know them better, I trust there may be opportunities offered from time to time to exercise a good influence out of the school as well as in it."

"5th Mo., 17th, 1875.

"I have a lot of examination papers on Horace to look over at home, the work of our senior class at our Colored Institute. It is quite a job, and rather tedious."

"PHILADELPHIA, 6th Mo., 11th, 1875.

"Oh, for more submission and trust; less of self, and more of Him who should be 'all in all'! How precious it would be if we might honor Him in every word and thought as well as deed! The inclosed prayer by Thomas Ellwood, which Mary Whitall gave me a copy of last year, is very often brought to mind. It is well worth learning by heart.

"6th Mo., 14th, 1875.

"What a precious gift to be able to preach a loud sermon on the love and mercy of our Heavenly Father, by simply walking along the street among men, and that not by anything of the creature, but by the simple reign of Christ in the heart, bringing all that is wrong into a holy captivity, — making the man godly, in short!

"It is the quality of making such effective lives, lives of such unceasing testimony to God's willingness and power to use men as instruments, and to guide them day by day in the carrying out of his work, even to a hair's breadth, — it is this that largely commends to me true Quakerism as vital Christianity. For I question whether any religious society can show, in its history, nearly as large a *proportion* of those fairly entitled to the epithet *godly*, or I may say *Christ-like*, as can Friends."

About this time he made the acquaint-

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"OLD PHELPS"

ance of Phebe Anna Mendenhall, of Muncy, Pennsylvania. This acquaintance soon ripened into a deep friendship. She was many years older than he, and full of the warmest interest in the young, and very sympathetic. Her kindly, affectionate counsel and encouragement he felt to be of the greatest help to him, and for about six years a frequent correspondence with her was kept up.

He spent his usual vacation among the Adirondacks, a trip which gave him more than ordinary pleasure. Again his pencil and his genial disposition made for him a number of pleasant friends.

TO A. C. T.

"10th Mo., 16th, 1875.

"I have . . . some prospect of going further south, to North Carolina Yearly Meeting, if there do not seem too many obstacles in the way. Do not speak of it, as I may not get off. I wanted to have gone last year,

but was prevented, and having thought of it often since, I have recently spoken of it to D. and father, who are willing, and I hope nothing may now occur to keep me away."

FROM HIS PRIVATE MEMORANDA.

" 12th Mo., 1875.

" A year ago it seemed as if it would be right for me to go to North Carolina Yearly Meeting, but, family reasons preventing, I remained at home. Several times during the year the subject came to mind again, and meeting with L. and N. C., and D. J. Barker and son, from North Carolina, at our Yearly Meeting, caused my love for the Friends there to grow warmer. As the time for holding the Yearly Meeting in 11th month drew near, I felt a drawing thereto, and, nothing preventing my going, I attended it, stopping at Baltimore on the way. During the previous year several events had occurred to cause me to feel more fully the need for a nearer walk. My

intercourse with the Swarthmore Mission First-day School had ceased, and that with the 12th Street had begun. The attendance at a Bible class in connection with our little school was a new and in some respects an instructive thing to me. The little children, who came weekly to the rather dingy room where our school met, seemed dear to me, but I had not seen it my duty and privilege to visit them in their homes. I was conscious of not having that fullness of love for the dear Saviour which others seemed to possess, and yet I did not know how it was to be obtained. The words of our Lord, as to that *meat* which He fed on, *the doing of the will* of Him that sent Him, were often with me in connection with his declaration that 'If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine,' and yet I did not see in what way I was to perform his will more fully than I was doing. I had for over two years felt that the time would eventually come when I might stand

up in the assembly of the people and declare his goodness, and it seemed like a sweet privilege to do so, *when*, but not *until*, He should open my mouth with authority."

Referring to the message of Sabina Clark (page 53), he adds: —

"These words came like a sword to my heart. . . . A correspondence with my precious friend, Phebe Anna Mendenhall, of Muncy, proved of great value to me, ever stimulating to renewed earnestness; and in the 2d month we had some precious opportunities, one in particular where we seemed in the very presence of the Lord, and afterwards, in the 5th and 6th months, I saw more of her, but none of these things appeared to result in difference of daily walk or increase of power. During the vacation spent at the Adirondacks I felt in some measure how half-hearted my following of the Lord was. As the First-day School Biennial Conference drew nigh,

I desired that good might come of it, and believed that it was a desirable thing, at least, for Friends of different views to come together. Somewhat in this state of mind I went down to North Carolina Yearly Meeting, and yet I can truly say desiring to be kept, and I do believe I was in a good degree preserved, from a criticising spirit which would prevent the reception of that good for which I longed. . . . I felt settled down in an increased conviction of the need of walking softly and in love near to the dear Saviour by things observed in this day's journey. . . . I was shown to my quarters along with C. S. H., in the same room with dear Stanley Pumphrey, R. B. H., and Yardley Warner. We had a delightful time indeed, together in that room, and I felt from day to day the stiffness of manner and selfishness wearing off in some degree, which had so long marred my happiness and usefulness. The next seven days were very fully occupied with meet-

ings by day and by night, and by meals at the hospitable table. . . . On First-day we attended the meetings, the first ones held in the new house. I do not think I was there in a judging spirit, but I did most deeply feel the ministry of one person who spoke at some length, and also regarding the part taken by another minister, who seemed to me in a dangerous position. I was kept, however, from speaking out against it in any way, and am thankful I was, as it is clear to me now that such things do more harm than good. Just as meeting was about to close I yielded to the strong prompting and offered prayer, to the relief of my mind. I was favored with a taste in some measure of that peace which was in a few weeks afterward granted in a larger degree."

Soon after his return from North Carolina occurred the First-day School Conference already mentioned, and to which he looked forward with some anxiety. During

its sessions he spoke once, briefly but very earnestly, in relation to the reverential use of the divine name. It was always extremely painful to him to hear that which seemed to him so sacred used in a familiar or light manner.

TO A. C. T.

"11th Mo., 19th, 1875.

"The conference passed off with more harmony than some, I expect, anticipated. Most of the sittings were very instructive as well as interesting, and much that was said impressed many present, I think. . . . I must add a few lines regarding —. I was much impressed by his sermon on First-day morning, and in fact by most of what he said during the conference, and was glad to be able to tell him at the close of the meeting that I had hitherto misjudged him, and now wished to acknowledge it. We had several interesting talks together, which showed me the sincerity of

the man, his intense earnestness in one direction, and something of his loving heart. And yet I feel convinced of his being wrong in some particulars, and those of more importance than at first appears. D. C. is a remarkably able man and a gifted minister, I think. We have seldom heard such powerful sermons in 12th Street to my mind, though all bearing on the one subject, to which I confess I have some scruples against giving the often used name of 'sanctification.' If the term 'sanctified' means simply set apart for or given up to the service of the Lord, and the individual claiming the experience shows in daily life that singleness of purpose which that profession calls for, it would not seem so inappropriate; but it also, I believe, involves the thought of 'holiness,' freedom from sin; and when one sees, as we cannot help seeing, so many of those who preach the doctrine displaying so much of the 'old man,' which is presumed to be crucified by an

act of faith at once, one is led to question whether they are really further advanced than some who, laying claim to no such experience, yet show the fruits of the Spirit in a very attractive form. It seems to me that the truly humble and Christ-like man will, as a rule, have such a high ideal of perfection as to make him feel conscious of falling very far short of the mark, though others may view him as a saint. I confess I am dissatisfied with my own progress in spiritual things, but feel that it is owing to my taking my eye off from the Master, and not, I fear, yielding up *all* to Him unreservedly, though I desire to do so. I realize more and more how wide the truth is, and how careful we should be not to limit ourselves to one form of presenting it, in view of the great variety of minds, and that we should not judge too much by forms of *words* without feeling the *spirit* in which they are put forth.

“There are some things in connection

with the conference that cause apprehension, but, on the whole, it was very impressive and arousing, and I long to be kept under the sense of responsibility which such an occasion brings with it."

The following letter describes the experience through which he passed, and to which he always looked back with feelings akin to those with which he regarded that time when he first felt that he had received forgiveness for his past sins, and recognized that he had entered upon a new life : —

TO A. C. T.

"PHILADELPHIA, 12th Mo., 1st, 1875.

"MY BELOVED FRIEND,— My heart is so full that I feel as if it were hardly worth while to attempt to tell thee, in the limited time at command, of what has transpired during the past week. I could fill very many such sheets as this with matters which would interest thee, relative to the

wonderful dealings of the Lord with his unworthy child. As thou may readily imagine on reading further, the past week seems like one month at least. Truly I have had some light thrown on the words of the Apostle Peter, as to one day being (in spiritual things, I take it) as a thousand years in the Lord's sight, for I learned more in three or even one of these eventful latter days than in the precious three years and more of my pilgrimage to the celestial city. To make some beginning where there seems none, let me say that now in looking back I can clearly see the divine hand in so many ways where it was very dim or not at all visible before, in the work of preparing my rebellious heart for his gracious visitations. In North Carolina many little things occurred tending to bring me into a more pliable state, and at the same time to render me hungry for that subjugation of will which I knew was desired by the Lord, and yet which I did

not see how to bring about. Nor do I now, dear A., believe that this matter is possible with man, excepting just so far as he is able to yield up to each fresh requirement manifested in the secret of the heart as the Lord's will; and when so doing, the soul is fed and strengthened from day to day, just as our Saviour was fed by that meat so mysterious to his disciples, even the doing of the will of Him who had sent the Son. One agency after another seems to have been used on me by the great Master Workman to make me fit to take a place in the spiritual temple. I have so long felt that I had found no place in the church as yet, and now He has graciously fitted me where I belong. But to resume, the conference was one among many other things to keep me in earnest to do his will, and finally, on Fourth-day last [11th month, 24th], at meeting, I seemed to be brought into a bowed state before God, wherein I felt resignation to do his bidding, should

He give me a message to declare to the people. But none came, and I went away feeling that it had been a solemn time, when the presence of the Lord had been felt. That evening Rufus King came to our house, and in conversation with father, mother, and myself, soon after he arrived, informed us that he had no companion for his proposed journey [to England and the Continent on a religious mission]. When he said this a strange feeling came over me, — ‘can it be possible,’ was the question that arose, ‘that *I* am to be the one to go?’ And then it passed away so fully that, when Rufus said he would like to see me alone, I did not think at all of his object, until he had very nearly approached the matter.

“Realizing that something important was coming, I was enabled by His help to uplift my heart for direction, and to feel that He was, in wonderful condescension, gently removing all my will and all disposition to reason with flesh and blood in this impor-

tant matter. It looked so sweet, as we sat in silence, to think of being used by Him in a foreign land, that there was no cross at all in mentally saying, 'I will go if Thou wilt direct me in it.' After waiting for further guidance it seemed equally clear to decide then that I would lay the matter before C. Yarnall and M. C. C. early the *next morning*, and abide by their judgment. How can I praise Him enough for so taking away questionings as to what the world might think of this sudden movement, as to enable me to dwell under the settled feeling of its being my only course to leave it to the Elders after obtaining father's and mother's consent. This latter I was enabled to do the next morning, after reading at breakfast. And this reminds me of another confirmation granted. Father had been reading regularly through the Gospel of Luke, and the one for Fifth-day last was the 13th chapter. When he came to the parable of the fig-tree that had borne no

fruit for three years, my heart jumped at the startling coincidence. How like that ungrateful fig-tree had I been during the three years of my sojourn in the vineyard, bearing no good fruit, and now He was about to spare me longer, to be tried whether perchance his tender husbandry might result in fruit. He prepared me, and gave me utterance to reach dear father's and mother's hearts, so that they gave me up indefinitely at once. Then to C. Yarnall and afterwards to M. C. C., both of whom the day following united in telling me that they felt unity and sympathy with me in the prospect, and would prepare letters to J. R. and I. R. in the event, as seemed likely, of our going before the next monthly meeting, when a minute would be prepared to follow me. (This latter I had not looked for, on account of my not dressing as other Meetings seemed to think necessary.) And so it seemed settled that I was to go with Rufus, and notwithstanding the effort made

to keep it quiet for the present, such a report was circulated. And then, dear A., what does thee think of the fact that an impression, just as clear as the first ones, came upon me that I could not take any step toward getting ready, nor even could think about the journey definitely at all, until further direction was given? How strangely, thought I, will the world think of this! They will say that Edward Scull has put his hand to the plough and is now turning back again. But I felt in my heart such an assurance of its all being his wonderful doings! He opened up to me as I lay awake in the early mornings (and still continues to do so) such sweet prospects of labor, either here, at home, or abroad, that it would be very difficult, if I were asked to choose, to come to a decision as to which would please me most. He has bestowed openings in his precious truth wherever I may open in the Bible, and, what seems so wonderful, has granted the privilege of

speaking in meetings with his authority, . . . and particularly of refraining from saying in ordinary conversation that which harms either others or myself. Then He has thus far given me such a burning love that with his power of speech I have been the means of making *some* impression at least on hearts which could not have been approached by me a week ago. Yesterday and to-day the cloud in the way seemed to be disappearing gradually, and I am now awaiting his command to go under a continuance, nay, an increase of that wonderful peace of which I thought I had in times past known something, but now found I understood not. At certain seasons it has seemed almost too much for flesh to bear such 'joy in the Holy Ghost,' and I have cried out with sobs, Forbear! I know this all sounds very enthusiastic, but the experience is now a week old, and my feelings seem quite as ardent as ever, with an increase of that deep love which (for the pres-

ent at least) cannot be quenched. The reward for the sacrifice, which He withdrew all the cross from, seems so far beyond my deserts that I feel very grateful. I believe it right to tell thee that it seems now so plainly my privilege as well as duty to look to a life of close walking and service in the Redeemer's cause henceforward, that I have arranged to take but a small interest in business, whether I go or stay.

"Dear Charles Yarnall has proved himself a father in the Truth indeed, being able to feel unity with me in each step of the way thus far, and confirming my faith in the rightness of the movements I had felt led in every case before seeing him to make. Some of them were of a very humbling kind, but the result of these sweet, easy baptisms has been most wholesome and strengthening to me. The ability shown by our gracious Lord to qualify even the feeblest instrument for any service He may appoint, in any space of time,

and by ways that seem so very different from what we might expect, has filled my soul with admiring wonder, so that it was indeed the true language of my heart when I stood up in 12th Street on First-day morning and repeated Rev. xv. 3. I seemed to have much given me that seemed just adapted to the state of the meeting, as well as calculated to 'tender' the hearts of those assembled; but after earnestly waiting for direction, my common sense seemed to help me to this extent, that it would be quite *safe*, at least, to stop with the above text, which I was sure was required of me, and that it was a good rule to commence a thing in a *small way*, so I said it slowly and sat down in peace. Next morning Charles Yarnall expressed his full unity and his satisfaction that I had at that time stopped where I did. So does the Lord condescend to my low estate. Had I gone on further, it seems likely to me now that more harm might have been done than good. There

would probably have been a mixture of the creature in the offering, which seems, as it was, to have been pure. Oh, how sweet appears that path wherein the Good Shepherd is seen near, before us! It *must* be the very best and most attractive path in the world, however narrow, if those whom He goes ahead of truly realize that He is indeed their Shepherd, their own Master. If we lag behind much, the light He sheds on the path grows dim; if we step to either side to follow a tempting stranger, however like 'an angel of light,' we are sure to become confused and soon are lost; or, if we, through unwatchful zeal, go even a step or two ahead of Him, his light is then behind us, so that the path is, perhaps, harder to make out than when we loiter behind. The *only* safe course is to keep near Him always and watching Him. So that now I can understand so very much that was dim before!

"For two years or more I have felt I

would eventually be given a gift in the precious ministry of Christ, and have longed for the time to come when He would qualify me, but it never did come, I am convinced, until this event occurred, and now I feel 'the word of the Lord' at times 'as a burning fire shut up in my bones,' that will take no denial from the stout heart of flesh to whom it might be addressed. I know that this letter is full of the pronoun I, but the visitation described certainly is all the Lord's doings and marvelous beyond expression. I have written thee very plainly about it, partly in order that when faith may in the future grow a little dimmer, under discouraging surroundings, I may be able to recur to this as an intensely *real* and remarkable evidence of divine favor. Do be faithful, A. dear, in every little thing, for then the reward surely comes. I could fill many sheets in narrating the wondrous way in which *every* event thus far has 'worked together for

good,' but must close. . . . Of course, if I go, there will be many proving seasons and trying circumstances, but I am sure that He who has brought me thus far will go before me, so long as I am watchful of Him, and will support at all times."

All preparations having been completed, Rufus P. King and Edward L. Scull sailed within a few days of the date of the last letter, and, "after a very quick and easy passage," landed on the 19th of 12th month, 1875, at Queenstown. During his absence from home, of over nine months, he visited Ireland, Great Britain, Norway, Denmark, and Germany, and the Channel Islands. The Yearly Meetings of Dublin and of London were attended, and much other religious service performed. In no degree less appreciative of the natural beauties of the countries through which he passed, or of the historic associations so numerous wherever he went, he kept a single eye to-

wards the object of his visit, though greatly enjoying such opportunities as seemed rightly to present themselves for the gratification of his intellectual and artistic tastes. He writes, 1st month, 21st, 1876: —

“There have been a great number of compensating things thus far in our journeyings for the exile from home, and for the endeavor not to gratify our own inclinations in the way of sight-seeing, unless the way seemed made for it without conflicting with any duty known to us. . . . I am often led to marvel at the loving-kindness of God, who made the yoke so easy, and gives so much to enjoy in return for the endeavor to serve Him, and, above all, bestows that wondrous *peace* which so intensifies every outward pleasure.”

He found opportunity, however, to use his pencil and brush occasionally.

FROM PRIVATE MEMORANDA.

"NORWAY, 6th Mo., 21st, 1876.

"Sketching after meeting until 10.20, much to my enjoyment and that of others who flocked around me. . . . A quiet, peaceful feeling."

"6th Mo., 22d.

"Sketched figures until nearly two, when I sought to have my thoughts set in order for the meeting. . . . If my sketching is in the way at all, I am now ready to give it up at once, but I believe this did not hinder me to-day."

TO P. A. M. — FROM NORWAY.

"I have embraced a number of opportunities for sketching the grand scenery we have been surrounded by of late, and have found in this occupation exactly the kind of rest which my mind seemed to need. Is it not cause for thankfulness to feel permitted thus to use a gift which I thought would have to be given up altogether? May it be kept in its right place!"

It is not practicable to go into a detailed account of his absence from America, but some extracts from his letters and memoranda will give an idea of this experience so new and so unexpectedly opened to him.

TO A. C. T.

"CORK, IRELAND, 1st Mo., 21st, 1876.

"It is a strange sensation, or was at first, to go up to the head of a gallery in view of the assembled Friends, and to have the responsibility of 'breaking-up meeting,' which latter neither R. nor I like at all. I do not mind facing the people, because I do not look at them, and have been favored on most occasions to 'settle down' pretty quickly, and if not always to have much life in me, yet to feel a good degree of peace and of trust in Him who has done so much to confirm my weak faith. At nearly all of the meetings something has been presented with so much freshness, and with such a sense of its being necessary to my

peace of mind not to withhold it, that I have risen and spoken briefly."

TO J. C.

"FERNS, COUNTY WEXFORD [IRELAND],
3d Mo., 4th, 1876.

"Since we parted from thee in Cork we have had many precious evidences of our dear Lord's presence at different places, and we have also often been called to recognize his guiding hand in influencing our movements, tending to increase our faith in Him, and our desire to be led and guided by One who is all-wise, for we are often permitted to see how, if we had followed our own inclinations—even induced by the desire to do good—instead of attending to the gentle intimations of his will, we would have suffered loss ourselves, and hindered his work. Surely there is every inducement for his followers to wait upon Him for instructions at all times, endeavoring to still the creature and know Him as our leader.

. . . At Dublin it seemed right for us to visit in a quiet way all of the members of our Society engaged in selling liquors, and plead with them to give up that business. The service was made easier than we had expected, and we are thankful to have been kept in a spirit of love while speaking to the individuals. Some appeared satisfied, and some uneasy about it, but we must leave the result with the Lord.

“Many times, dear brother, have my (and I doubt not I might say our) thoughts been turned towards thee in love, as well as to the other members of thy family, — thy dear father and sisters, and beloved little J., whose presence with us on Seventh-day in ——’s house when we were seeking right direction in our course, I shall never forget. He sat between Rufus and myself as we gathered into silence, and I do believe that his little heart was uplifted to our heavenly Father on our behalf, in his simple, child-like way, and it is the child-like way that

pleases God. . . . When we feel an inclination to speak in his name, I think we should be brought into a willingness *either* to open our mouth or to keep silent, simply desiring that his will may be done, and that He may be glorified through us, as his passive instruments, in his own way. With some, and I think it is so with me, the preference usually has been, since the first lip sacrifice was made, to *speak* rather than to sit still; and so my earnest desire has been, not to be permitted to go forth in my own strength or zeal, but to wait upon the Lord for his command. Is my motive in this to show people what progress I have made in spiritual things, or how such a text has been opened to me, or is it simply to exalt the name of my Saviour; is it, in short, to glorify myself in any way, or Him? Such have often been the questions in my mind of late as we have sat in meetings. We should not counsel with flesh and blood in this matter, asking ourselves, what will this

or that man think, but if assured that it is the Lord's will, intended by Him for his people, and that we would lose our peace if we kept silent, then we should arise promptly, and, committing our whole way in *quiet* trust unto the Lord, endeavor as well and as tersely as possible to utter what is in our minds, bearing in mind that He does not very often expect very much of his babes at first."

To the "beloved little J." mentioned in the above letter:—

"MONADREHID, QUEENS CO. [IRELAND],
5th Mo., 16th, 1876.

"We have often thought of thee, dear boy, remembering how thou helped us when we were at Cork. And we doubt not that thy prayers since then have been heard and answered by our Father who seeth in secret. We will never know until we meet in his presence how much we may have

been helped by the petitions of our friends who love God. Dear J., we want thee to form the habit of trusting in the dear Saviour to keep thee from sinning in *little* things through each day. Think nothing too *small* to bring to his notice, for it must please Him to have his children coming *often* to Him, to whose power there is no limit. He will do unto us according to our faith."

TO PHEBE ANNA MENDENHALL, OF MUNCY, PENNSYLVANIA.

"MONADREHID, QUEENS CO.,
5th Mo., 18th, 1876.

"Dublin Yearly Meeting was a very fatiguing time. The Select Meeting commenced on Third-day, the 2d inst., and, from then until Fifth-day of the week after, there were generally three meetings daily of different character,—in all, I believe, thirty-two meetings, most of which R. and I attended. . . . Having seen so little of

other Yearly Meetings than our own at Philadelphia, it is difficult to form a judgment regarding the one we have just attended. . . . There was a good degree of unity and much evidence of interest in the affairs of the church on the part of the middle-aged and young members, who would not in former years have taken any part; but the basis on which the meetings were carried on did not seem to me quite the same as what I felt at North Carolina and in Philadelphia, while there were not wanting seasons of solemn silence at the beginning and close of the sessions, and occasionally in the progress of them."

The time of the two companions was very fully occupied in visiting meetings, individuals, schools, and other places. In one of his letters he speaks of thirty-three meetings, "chiefly in Friends' meeting-houses," in twenty-eight days. Of such service he writes: —

"It is so inexpressibly precious to feel His grace sufficient for every time of such need, and I trust it will prove so for all other untried occasions."

From Ireland the travelers went to England to attend the Yearly Meeting, and then to go to Norway. The following extracts from a letter will give some idea of the way in which their time was spent:—

TO P. A. MENDENHALL.

"STAVANGER, NORWAY,
6th Mo., 25th, 1876.

"Two or three days passed at Ackworth, where we had an entire change of scene, notwithstanding several meetings, and especially the out-of-door life in *this* country, have done me good. . . . I will not attempt to go into the details of London Yearly Meeting, but may say to thee that I found it a much more *weighty* body than I had expected. It does not do to judge of an

occasion of this kind by any, however accurate, report on paper or by tongue. One must be present to feel the *spirit* which actuates those who take part. I may acknowledge that I felt encouraged for the future of our Society in England by the many evidences of a desire to maintain the spirituality of our religious profession shown by the middle-aged as well as the older members of the meeting, however liberal most of them may have been with regard to some points which would claim more attention in Philadelphia. It was so refreshing to feel the love that prevailed, and the excellent harmony which differences of opinion on some matters, and the frequent dissent expressed by three or four Friends, did not really disturb. . . . One cannot doubt the existence of a great deal of new life among the young people, although it shows itself often in an unquakerly way, and the interest shown by the attendance of the Yearly Meeting, which

was larger than usual, . . . seems to me a very good sign. It was a very unsettling time, but we saw something of a number of Friends by dining out from day to day, and met with the greatest kindness.

"And now to give thee some account of our trip to this place in a journal form.

"6th mo., 8th. Left Hull on the steamer *Argo* for Stavanger, after attending meeting in the morning (Fifth-day), our party consisting of Robert Doeg, a minister of Carlisle (who has lived seven years in Norway, and been here several times), Dr. Richard H. Thomas, of Baltimore, Rufus, and myself.

"6th mo., 9th. A fine day; smooth sea; had a profitable Bible-class on 2 Peter i. in the forenoon.

"6th mo., 10th. Grew rough during the night, and on awakening in the morning we all had the same mind in regard to keeping our berths, so that we did not meet one another until six P. M., when, after

dining, we landed at Stavanger a little past seven o'clock. A number of Friends were looking out for us in rowboats, and soon after the steamer dropped anchor they had us all safely transferred with our luggage to the quarters whence I am writing. These quarters consist of a pleasant dining and sitting room combined, with two bedrooms opening out of it, on the first floor of the building, in whose second floor Friends hold their meetings for worship and discipline. We have a servant and cook, who provide excellent meals for us whenever desired.

"6th mo., 11th (First-day). Attended meetings for worship in the morning and afternoon, — about 150 people in attendance at each, and rather more at the latter than the former. There are about five men to two women in most of the meetings we have been at. They are mainly fishermen or farmers, though some of those living in Stavanger are engaged in business. Much

evidence of tenderness of spirit and of loving hearts in the emotion manifested at times in meeting, and in the warm grasp of their hands on encountering us. The meetings were in a good degree favored, though the need for using interpreters is quite a bar. In the evening we took tea with Endre Dahl,¹ the most prominent Friend in the Society in Norway, and afterwards met with sixty or seventy earnest people, not all members, in a refreshing parlor meeting; opened by reading the Bible.

"6th mo., 12th. The Yearly Meeting began with a session for worship, which was a 'contriting' season to many present. About fifty (including six or eight attenders, not members, admitted by request to the meetings) were in attendance, the whole number of Friends in Norway being about ninety. . . .

"6th mo., 13th. Morning session (the

¹ Died 1888.

closing one) occupied in reading a new Book of Discipline, in which some few changes had been made. In the afternoon there was an appointed meeting for children by Rufus's request, at which about 100 little ones and 100 young and other people in addition were present. They seemed interested. Afterwards were at a temperance meeting near by.

"6th mo., 14th. In the afternoon we rowed across the fjord to the island of Hundvaag, where we had a meeting in the house of a Friend. . . . (Here we tasted our first dish of *melke kolle* (sour milk), which is so common in Norway. It is allowed to stand for three or four days in a hot place, when a rich coating of cream is formed on the surface. Sugar is sprinkled on the cream, and each one puts his spoon in for himself, until all the cream and much of the milk below is eaten. It is quite refreshing and not unpleasant.) At the meeting, about sixty crowded into a little room; seats of boards on kegs.

"6th mo., 15th. By steamer from Stavanger to the head of Erfjord, about five and a half hours' sail through grand scenery, precipitous mountains of rock coming down on either side to the water's edge. Rowed across from the landing to the residence of a Friend, a tiny house of red wood perched on a hillside amid the most magnificent mountains. To sit in front of the awful cliffs and watch the play of light and shade on their faces, reflected in the rippling water, was indeed a rest to mind and body alike. We had a good meeting with a few neighbors in our host's living-room.

"6th mo., 16th. After Bible-reading had an opportunity with the household, and then started in a large boat with five or six Friends to row us to Sövde, thirty-seven miles distant. Our course lay along the edge of the fjord, so that we had good opportunities to examine the water-worn rocks, which had assumed the shape, in

some cases, of huge elephants or other uncouth monsters of the past. From tiny crevices we noticed pine-trees and shrubs growing forth without apparently having any earth to nourish their cramped roots. It seemed to be sheer bravado on the part of some to think of living a week under such circumstances, but yet they had evidently gone on, battling with wind and storm above and the cruel stone below, through many years, until their short trunks had grown stout and strong, and their right to the unenviable position no longer contested. After about two hours' rowing we landed at a farmhouse, situated on one of the little patches of meadow land which are to be seen here and there amid the wilderness of rocks, and which are invariably appropriated and cultivated to their utmost capacity. Here we had three dishes of sour milk set before us with a good supply of *flat bread*, which formed an excellent lunch. The flat bread is made out of rye

and oatmeal mixed with water and rolled out into extremely thin cakes, about the size of a barrel head, which, when baked, will keep sweet for *years*. Our journey continued until seven P. M., the latter part being made much more agreeable by a brisk wind, which dispensed with the arduous labor of rowing and doubled our speed. Dinner was eaten in the grassy cleft of a huge rock nigh unto a spring of cold water, and we had our supper after arriving at our destination, in the meeting-house at Sövde, over which are the two small bedrooms provided for the accommodation of traveling Friends. Would that I could describe to thee the solemn grandeur of the surroundings at Sövde. We remained there from Sixth-day evening until Third-day morning, having held four meetings with the good people, besides opportunities at Bible-reading after breakfast with such as came in. Never, I think, shall I forget the impression produced by the sound of the

three waterfalls, and of the two rapid rivers whose roaring constantly fell upon our ears. During the silence before and after our meals, it seemed to still the soul as though in the presence of Him who is 'mightier than the noise of many waters,' much more deeply impressive than the grandest instrumental music. One of these falls is about 700 feet high, and another 300 or 400 feet. It was touching to see these simple-hearted, loving people coming in on foot from different parts of the country, long before the appointed time, and quietly waiting around the building in little groups until we met. One man walked five miles from his mountain home through a hard rain, and back again in the evening; coming once again the next day. They seem to be very tender, and many times we have seen them shedding tears in the meetings, while the warm and frequent grasps of the hand attest their love. At this place there are only two in actual membership with us, but

twelve or more who regularly attend, and we had from thirty to one hundred at the meetings. They seem to be a very serious, solid people, true to their convictions when once arrived at, and remarkably affectionate. There are six or eight ministers (though they do not record any in this country), who are very simple in their ministry, speaking low and gently, sometimes with emotion, and often to the contriting of their hearers. They are very slow in applying for membership, as in fact they are in all things, and as no pressure is brought to bear on those who attend meetings, and perhaps rightly, the Society does no more than hold its own; but I think the quality is good, though the quantity be small, and that the leaven of Quakerism has not been without its influence in Norway. On returning from Sövde we went to places near Stavanger, and were at three meetings to-day. Go to Bergen on 27th."

After visiting Bergen, where Dr. Thomas left them, returning to England, the others continued visiting Friends in Norway, until the 14th of 7th month, when they left for Denmark, where about two weeks were spent. After visiting the little band of Friends at Minden, Prussia, they reached London on the 9th of 8th month, and, feeling that the time had come for him to return home, Edward Scull took passage in the steamship *Scythia*, sailing 9th month, 9th, for New York.

About two weeks were spent in visiting some places in England, and in a visit to the Channel Islands. On the 25th of 8th month the two Friends parted company at Southampton. Intimate companions for over eight months, they had had much to draw them into close sympathy, and both felt the parting extremely.

TO A. C. T.

"PHILADELPHIA, 9th Mo., 21st, 1876.

"Thy letter reached me this morning on coming down to the office, from which I have been absent for over nine months, and it formed a pleasant greeting for which I am much obliged to thee. . . . I came over on the Scythia. . . . The voyage was not by any means rough, according to my judgment, and I felt even less disposition to uncomfortable feelings than usual. . . . Rufus was in the neighborhood of London when I heard from him on the day of sailing. . . . We parted at Southampton two weeks before sailing, the time having, we thought, come. It was a favor to realize that, as we said farewell, the tie between us was stronger than ever before. I spent five days very pleasantly up at William Ball's place in Scotland, north of Inverness, where there was an entire change of scene."

TO THE SAME.

"THE CHESTNUTS,' 10th Mo., 18th, 1876.

. . . "It is extremely pleasant to be back again amid such a variety of duties as the home life, during the past year or two especially, has been affording, and which was exactly what my nervous temperament was much feeling the need of during the latter half or more of the foreign service, which kept my mind quite too much occupied with *one* train of thought. . . . I expect there will be a great throng at the Centennial, to see the Tournament among other things. I have been four times, but feel that I have hardly made a beginning, and now doubt my seeing much of the great display. . . . I have felt it a great privilege to open my mouth in 12th Street meeting thrice since returning home. I returned my minute yesterday at Monthly Meeting. Considerable was said by a number of Friends, expressing unity, so that I seemed to receive then, as all along in

this connection, more reward than was due."

About this time he was much taken up with making arrangements for Joseph Bevan Braithwaite, of London, to visit the families of Western District Monthly Meeting of Philadelphia. On many of these visits he accompanied this Friend. With this and other service his time was very fully taken up. At the close of the year he writes in his diary: —

"12th mo., 31st, 1876. The year now closing has been by far the most eventful one, and the most characterized by known blessings, of any thus far in my short life, unless I except 1872, when I first felt true peace in forgiveness. Near the close of 1875 Rufus came, and was the means of testing the reality of those desires after a more dedicated life which had been so graciously raised in my heart with especial

fervor during the preceding two months. I have no way of sufficiently praising the goodness of the Lord in that He made the opening for my privileged journey with Rufus, and also disposed my heart to yield to his revealed will, so that I enjoyed the great benefits of the varied discipline involved in such a service. Had I not been led to give up to this requiring, I am persuaded that my life would have been sadly blighted and my usefulness marred, though so unsearchable is his mercy and love that He might have seen fit to have still followed me, and made use of me in some way."

During the winter of 1877 he went with one of his sisters to the city of Washington, to North Carolina, and eastern Tennessee. He was deeply interested in the people, and in the various kinds of Christian work being carried on among them. In the spring he made a second visit. On his return he

exerted himself to raise funds for establishing a training-home for young men similar to the one for young women, which was in the same neighborhood. He was also much interested in obtaining a site for a Normal School for white pupils at Maryville, Tennessee.

TO P. A. MENDENHALL.

"3d Mo., 2d, 1877.

. . . "Fifth-day's journey on the Pullman car was rendered most enjoyable by the company of Stanley Pumphrey and his companion C. T., of B. . . . Stanley read a chapter in one of the Epistles for our morning reading after breakfast, and later on we listened with delight to his beautiful reading of some of Keble's hymns. If thou hast a copy of the work, 'Keble's Christian Year,' let me call thy attention to the originality and truth of the thoughts expressed in the poem under the heading of the '24th Sunday after Trinity.' His reading made it very striking. Before the day closed, we

spent an hour or two over the first two chapters of Hebrews. Our little class was closed by our approach to the historic station of Manassas Junction, where some of the earthworks which played their bloody part in our late war still rise from the fields to receive the light of the setting sun upon their tawny sides."

TO THE SAME.

"3d Mo., 21st, 1877.

. . . "I desire to be thankful for a heart in some measure renewed by the grace of our loving Lord, but I feel that, if I am to be useful, I must have more intellectual knowledge of the Scriptures, to be made available and profitable by the power of the Holy Spirit; in other words, that my head sadly needs training as well as my heart."

TO THE SAME.

"MARYVILLE, TENN., 4th Mo., 11th, 1877.

"What I have seen while away on this

journey has made me feel more than ever the difficulty of answering the question, 'What is the exact province of Quakerism?' On the one hand, I am slow to believe that our branch of the Church Universal is to have no part in reclaiming from sin the poor and ignorant of this world, for if so, how can she be a true bride to 'the Lamb that was slain,' whose invitation was to 'all that labor and are heavy laden'? On the other hand, how are we, without some departure from what are generally held as our views, to make Quakers of those who would not sit still many minutes without preaching or singing, and who need instruction in the simplest things, understanding almost nothing of the Scriptures, and less still of the need to have their mysteries opened by a wiser Teacher than man?"

He returned to Philadelphia, feeling that the thorough change of scene had been of

great benefit to him in many ways: he had been brought in close contact with a phase of society wholly new to him, questions had been brought before his mind whose scope he could not have understood without this personal presentation, and he felt that his sympathies had been drawn out towards the poor and outcast in a remarkable way. He often afterwards referred to the experience of these weeks as being full of instruction for him.

He attended part of New York Yearly Meeting, and soon after, at the special request of James N. Richardson, of Ireland, who had come to this country on a religious visit, he accompanied him to Canada Yearly Meeting, and visited with him some of the meetings belonging to it. He returned home early in the 7th month.

TO P. A. MENDENHALL.

"GUELPH, CANADA, 6th Mo., 21st, 1877.

. . . "On Fifth-day evening we had a meeting appointed at Milldale. . . . This time I was a little more prompt than in the morning, and felt free to express what was on my mind with more quietness than the long restraint and late hour in the morning meeting had seemed to allow of. How greatly, at such times, do I long for the presence of some truly anointed Elder, to tell me afterwards whether I had missed my way or not. In the presence of those not in membership, or newly brought among us, I feel more liberty than in one of our regular meetings for worship, and so may be led along more by my own zeal than by the great Shepherd himself. I trust my desire continues to be sincere to move only under his guidance; but I do so clearly detect the wish to be used in vocal service, not alone, I fear, for the peace it usually brings when rightly done, but because of

the place it gives me in the hearts of the brethren, that I am jealous of myself. It is harder for me to keep still than to speak; but then the responsibility of meeting with, and leaving forever, it may be, those who need teaching disposes me to err on the side of expression. Perhaps He will yet show me more clearly how to know his voice and to maintain *truer quietness* before Him."

TO A. C. T.

"PHILADELPHIA, 7th Mo., 11th, 1877.

... "The [Canada] Yearly Meeting passed off more comfortably than some had anticipated, and was in fact an interesting time. Friends were very kind to us wherever we went; the meetings were pretty well attended, very well in many places; we met with some very excellent people, and I felt it was right to have gone, but I was heartily glad when the time came to return. J. N. R. and I got on nicely together, though I never expect any one to

take dear Rufus's place in such a connection."

TO P. A. MENDENHALL.

"PHILADELPHIA, 7th Mo., 16th, 1877.

. . . "I had one or two talks with —, which I cannot well go into here. They drew us manifestly nearer to each other, while at the same time developing some decided, and one or two unlooked-for, differences of opinion, particularly on the subject of the *new birth*, on which I feel that I held Scriptural and practical ground. We felt much alike on the subject of the ministry we had listened to, and its tendencies. I do not think that either he or — really know enough about First-day schools, as they may be conducted, to be able to rightly judge about them. It was very pleasant to meet these dear Friends from time to time."

TO P. A. MENDENHALL.

“‘THE CHESTNUTS,’ 7th Mo., 29th, 1877.

. . . “I do believe the Canada trip was not without some valuable teaching, whilst at the same time I do not remember when I have felt so poor as since returning home. The thought of ever becoming a minister, with the power at times granted to speak to the needs of individuals or companies with authority, and the sense that it is fresh from the Lord, appears so utterly unlikely that, did I not really have some faith in the divine might and in the sincerity of my own desire to be led by Him, I would say at once such a thing could never be. He only knows what is best for me. Perhaps it is his will for me to go on in what seems a very blundering way of exhorting, and never to come into such a possession as my inclinations would seek. I suppose He seldom gives us what we would choose for ourselves out of his spiritual treasure-house, at least in the form which we expected.

If only I might know more of his holiness of thought, and word, and deed; more of his blessed love, casting out all kinds of fear, and more of the saintly patience and true submission to his will, I should be better contented. . . . I hardly feel at liberty to say much about the conversation between — and myself. . . . Our talks brought us very near together in spirit, I thought, though we would by no means agree in all things. We did not differ as to the fact that some people were unable to point to one definite time in their spiritual history when they were born again, as many others are privileged to do; but it was on the subject of the relationship to God of him who, after feeling forgiveness for the past, should commit some sin. I believe that such an act does *not sever the sonship*, unless there is a *continuance* in sin, a failure to repent, so that after a while the poor child practically returns to the old service of Satan, instead of serving God, ceasing

to be a child of God. That the divine favor is withdrawn until, under the pleadings of God's witness, the Spirit, the erring child confesses his sin and receives the forgiveness promised in John's Epistle, we cannot doubt; but to think that we are spiritually 'unborn,' whenever we sin, is to my mind not only unscriptural, but unnatural. . . . That I may not be misunderstood by thee, let me say, before closing this subject, that I fully hold that, through want of proper care and spiritual nourishment, the spiritual babe in Christ 'may eventually die,' or, in other words, through a gradual falling away from want of watchfulness unto prayer, the enemy may quietly regain his power, and the life once hid with Christ in God die, though I do trust that such things are rare, and that those who have 'followed on,' for a while, 'to know the Lord,' and have tasted of his pleasures, will not be allowed to utterly fall. But it seems to me unsafe to allow that man's free agency and

power to choose is ever removed, and that therefore he is absolutely safe until within 'the Pearl gates.' "

The home life was taken up as usual, with its daily duties. But no small portion of his time was given to accompanying Sarah B. Satterthwaite, James N. Richardson, and Rufus P. King (who had returned in the 10th month), in their visits to meetings belonging to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Besides this more public service, his note-books show that he was ever ready, not only to avail himself of opportunities for personal work with individuals, but to seek such opportunities.

TO A. C. T.

"PHILADELPHIA, 11th Mo., 5th, 1877.

. . . "I have decided to make such slight change in my attire (that is my coat) as will mark me as a Friend. Two years ago, before going with Rufus, this question

received careful consideration, and I believe I was made willing at that time, and have continued since, to put on a 'plain coat' (so called) whenever it might be required. I cannot enter into the many points on both sides which have come up, but may say that six weeks ago I seemed quite as far from coming to my present decision as two years ago. Understand, please, that I have not been at all anxious about the matter. Believing that I was willing to do either way, I have committed the thing to the Lord, placing the responsibility, as it were, in Him, to show me his will in it, and I have until lately felt that it would not be right for me to change my dress. But lately, one thing after another has [been] presented in a new light, and though the old reasons remain about as strong as before, and the sense of the danger in it not less, I think, yet I believe my gracious Lord will keep me from yielding to what would harm, and will strengthen me to keep in Christian sim-

plicity and naturalness under what seems, to the natural part, a constrained sort of attire. To adopt the dress under anything other than a divine requiring would not, I have felt sure, bring any peace or strength; and I have, therefore, earnestly desired to know that the wish to please those whom I love, and who wish to see such a change, has not been the motive in view, that no ambition but that of a more intimate knowledge of Christ might tempt me, and I believe that on Third-day night, and on Fourth-day morning last, I was favored to see more clearly than ever before that it would be a safe and right step, and so remembering the words 'what thou seest in the light turn not from in the darkness,' I went to —, next morning, after telling father, and had him to commence making the changes required. The test is yet to come, but the view is a peaceful one, and so I trust I will be helped through it."

It may be well to say that he never regretted this change in his dress. About the date of the last letter, he was put on a committee of the Monthly Meeting to which he belonged, whose duty was to visit the families of the members and of the attenders of the meeting. This was a matter in which he took the deepest interest, and his part was most faithfully and lovingly performed.

TO P. A. MENDENHALL.

"'THE CHESTNUTS,' 12th Mo., 19th, 1877.

. . . "Such times [referring to visits by the committee mentioned above] are very exercising to me, and I feel like catching at any *straw* almost, if it seems to have any likelihood of supporting me! Dost thou understand how empty and profitless one may feel at such a time, especially with those older in every way than one's self? Yet I think we feel encouraged."

FROM HIS PRIVATE MEMORANDA.

" 12th Mo., 31st, 1877.

. . . " And so on my berth in a Pullman car ends another year of mercies; of perils past and of sins forgiven, I trust. Oh, that the coming one may through his love abound in new thoughts and deepening views of God and of his salvation through Christ Jesus, that He may himself furnish me more thoroughly unto all good works. Lord, I hunger for more of thy holiness in my own life, and of thy truth. Oh, supply me with more of thy material, and with thy skill in using it for the convincing and converting to Thee of immortal souls. I pray Thee, especially, give me more hatred of all sin, and of sins of thought in a particular manner, that there may be in me a true growth in grace and of likeness to thy dear Son. Amen. I never entered upon a New Year with the same feelings of solemnity as now, in the thought of the unknown future ahead, and of the need for guidance by the

Lord, who alone knoweth the hidden paths
of our lives."

TO A. C. T.

"PHILADELPHIA, 1st Mo., 10th, 1878.

. . . "Since my last I have been on for four days in New England, calling on — and —, hoping to interest them in contributing to Haverford. C. took me over to see Whittier last Fifth-day, and I had the rare pleasure of a long conversation with the poet in his study. We were together over two hours and talked of many things, much to my interest and satisfaction. For the man's spirit is so quiet and loving, and there is so much evidence of true self-renunciation that, in connection with the way in which he speaks of our Saviour, there seemed to me no room for doubting his discipleship. If he is not a Christian, I would not know how to judge of the majority of those whose profession of that name seems reasonable. His last sonnet, a reply to his friends, in 'The Literary

World' for 1st mo., I think is very good. On the way home I greatly enjoyed a few hours at New Haven, in the libraries and museum of Yale."

TO P. A. MENDENHALL.

"PHILADELPHIA, 1st Mo., 21st, 1878.

. . . "The ten days indoors have been most interesting, and I hope not unprofitable in opening up possibilities for study of the Holy Scriptures not before fairly considered, and there have also been some sweet times of quiet refreshing when He seemed to be like the dew of Israel, but yet I feel myself more unprofitable and listless than I can describe to thee. The field here is so large, the need so great! And yet how is it to be filled, and the harvest gathered? Oh, I do so long to be equipped in head and in spirit from his own armory, and endued with power, and how it is to come about I know not; but I hope I have now commenced a more systematic study

of the four Gospels. . . . The main danger is of the intellect usurping that finer work of the heart where the life must be manifested to be of any value to others' hearts."

TO A. C. T.

"PHILADELPHIA, 1st Mo., 24th, 1878.

. . . "I find myself increasingly desirous of some means by which the young people, especially young men, may be interested in the affairs of our little church through a fuller apprehension of the simplicity and satisfying character of the truth, as Friends hold it, and *having something to do*, the great need. What is really wanted is more dedication of heart unto the Lord, more humble learning of Him with all of us in the place, and more faith."

During the early fall of 1878 he accompanied Joseph Bevan Braithwaite and the other Friends of the deputation sent by the London Yearly Meeting, to attend the

Yearly Meetings of Friends in the Western States. This service was full of the deepest interest to him, though often fatiguing, physically. The companionship of the English Friends was greatly enjoyed by him, while the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the circumstances and views of the Western Friends was highly valued.

TO P. A. MENDENHALL.

"PHILADELPHIA, 12th Mo., 26th, 1878.

. . . "I have indeed been favored of the Lord these latter days, feeling increasingly the benefit derived from the journey with the English deputation. Much more freedom and some more enlargement (I think) when speaking in meetings, and more steadiness in daily life, not so much up and down in feeling."

TO THE SAME.

"PHILADELPHIA, 2d Mo., 21st, 1879.

. . . "Within a few weeks my feelings

have been aroused on the subject of theatre-going. One Seventh-day afternoon, coming up Spruce Street, I met a number of respectable people with whose faces I was familiar, — whole families, numbers of children, — coming down from Broad Street dressed in their best, and looking exactly as if they had come from some extra church service. As I was speculating on the object of such a meeting I reached the corner of Broad and Spruce, and on looking north whence the stream of life was flowing, I saw, to my surprise, that it proceeded from the door of the Broad Street Theatre, where for weeks past the popular play ‘H. M. S. Pinafore’ has been performing. Among the people were a few whom I knew as church members. A few days later H. W. Beecher lectured on ‘Amusements,’ and advocated publicly the practice of theatre and opera going, card playing, billiards, and ‘frivolity’ (!), as good for Christians, if they did not make such things the object of life,

but its recreations. . . . In the 'Square Friend' about this time had appeared an extract (of the first two thirds of the inclosed leaflet) from T. Cuyler's 'Heart Life,' a book published years ago, which struck me as suitable for such an emergency. So I wrote to T. Cuyler, asking his consent to reprint it in tract form. He wrote a nice note in reply, inclosing the last paragraph as supplementary to the preceding. As it stood in the original, the phrase 'word of God' (for the Scriptures) occurred, which I asked his consent to change to 'written word of God,' explaining Friends' views on the point. He freely acquiesced in a second note; sending his love to a number of Friends whom he has met. . . . I had 5,000 printed, so if thou knows of any avenues for their distribution I will gladly send thee from 50 to 1,000, as may be desired."

TO THE SAME.

"PHILADELPHIA, 7th Mo., 28th, 1879.

. . . "I sometimes wish that I could tell how my daily life, with those who meet me, for instance, in the trains or horse-cars, or at the store, impresses people. Sometimes I feel so frisky that I suddenly think, 'Whatever would Samuel Emlen (senior) or John Woolman have thought of this?' 'Should a minister behave thus?' I do not know what degree of introversion and retirement is requisite to keep a man in his right state of watchfulness, so as to know all of his duties towards his Lord. Still I can't say I am anxious about this. He will regulate it if I keep tender and passive in his hands. . . . Ambrose Smith surprised me last evening at the close of our meeting, by sidling up to me in the yard, and saying that he wanted to express the unity he had felt with my services in meetings this summer. It was very sweet."

The sympathy and encouragement of the Friends of his own meeting in his public services in the ministry of the word was deeply appreciated and valued by him. One of his friends says, "I heard him but seldom, and never at length; but I am sure every one was impressed by his earnestness, his simple faith, his ardent love for Christ and longing that others might be joined to Him." Another writes, "I think his main feeling in regard to it [his preaching] was that it was a direct message-bearing. What he said was to be, as far as he knew it, the direct message from the Lord to those he was addressing, he himself acting, as far as possible, as a mouth-piece. This was his ideal. . . . His mind was drawn inward, and he regarded not the people, but the Lord, not the message hearers, but the message given. The impression conveyed by watching him when he preached was of a man who was listening, and simply intent on delivering what he

heard. There was not the slightest attempt at doing anything more than this. What he said clearly came from the heart and was directed to the heart. Though his intellectual powers were, of course, awake and active, they were always held in check, and made to keep in the line of the spiritual development of the subject. . . . I think he regarded the gift as a very sacred trust."

TO P. A. MENDENHALL.

"PHILADELPHIA, 10th Mo., 7th, 1879.

. . . "I think I have sometimes felt what looked like jealousy, that people should learn to over-value the kind of preaching — usually has put forth. Can thee understand me? I think I never would be really jealous of such service as — had on First-day. My whole heart glowed then with gratitude. I feel —'s superiority to me in utterance, voice, and every way which a congregation generally seem to care for; but I had longed for more baptism of spirit

for both of us, and did not want people to become satisfied with the most beautiful sermons which were lacking in this kind of preparation, often, too, feeling how small and inadequate had been the work in my own case."

In 11th month, 1879, he was married to Sarah E. Marshall, daughter of Edward Marshall, of Philadelphia. His marriage brought new happiness and new brightness into his life. He also greatly enjoyed having a home of his own to which he could invite his friends. Many strangers in the city, Haverford students spending a lonely vacation, those to whom he wished to give words of kindly caution or of encouragement, — many such, and others, will recall with pleasant recollection his warm invitations to partake of his hospitality. Possessed of large means, his purse was ever open to help the needy, and to further philanthropic efforts. Few, except the recipi-

ents of his bounty, knew the extent of his *private* benefactions. When he was in health, he told a friend he thought he ought to give away as much as he spent upon himself.

TO P. A. MENDENHALL.

"PHILADELPHIA, 2d Mo., 18th, 1880.

. . . "I have been so busy. The Bible-class for young men filling up all the spare time. We are on a very difficult, because so thoroughly familiar, part of our Saviour's teaching,—the Sermon on the Mount,—and I feel at times like a very fool before the young men who have come, but I think it a right thing to keep on with."

TO THE SAME.

"PHILADELPHIA, 10th Mo., 16th, 1880.

. . . "My mind and time [have] been much occupied of late with arrangements for a lecture at Haverford by Thomas Hughes, of England, on the 22d of next month. The labor of sending out 600 invi-

tations has been very great, only assumed (with the help of E. B.) because there seemed to be no others to do the work; but I would not undertake such a thing again, as it conflicts with other duties, among which the most important has been the carrying out of a gradually maturing scheme for the benefit of our young men Friends in Philadelphia. I have now ready a list of about 230 names of men, between eighteen and thirty-five (in most cases), belonging to the three monthly meetings, and to other meetings, who reside or do business in the city, not including those at Germantown. I want soon to call them all together by a circular explaining the object, in order to see if there would be enough interest to justify going on with the experiment of a Friends' Institute for Young Men. If they respond, we would take a small house, and fit up, on the first floor, a reading-room, well stocked with good periodicals and other literature, on the second floor a room for

Bible-class, or social gatherings, or Lyceum, etc., and third story for two bedrooms, with a motherly woman, interested in young men, in charge. My hope would be that gradually some religious work might develop out of this, increasing the interest of the young men in their own highest concerns and in one another. There are many difficulties in the way. If only I can receive the wisdom and grace from above to do only what is best, and *not act on my own account* in any part of it, I fully believe that good will grow out of the movement in some way or other, possibly different from my plans, but still, I hope, good. I am so easily made unwatchful, it seems to me."

TO J. B. BRAITHWAITE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

"PHILADELPHIA, 5th Mo., 10th, 1881.

. . . "There was nothing, to my judgment, about our late Yearly Meeting especially encouraging, although it is cause for thankfulness that no break to the harmony

occurred. . . . Could a Yearly Meeting's committee be appointed, in unity, to hold meetings, in a truly consistent manner, where they might find right openings, and could our living members travail together for the growth of Zion, each one keeping his place in the work, I do believe that our borders would soon be enlarged, to the praise of the mighty God. . . . Our Young Men's Institute has been in operation for five months. The reading rooms, though very comfortable, are not largely used. The monthly meetings seem to have been useful. . . . I have been comparing the LXX [Septuagint] version with our own, in parts of Isaiah, and Jonah, and Malachi, and find some very interesting differences. If thou could some day give me thy own idea as to the relative value of the LXX with the Textus Receptus I would be much interested. Professor Robertson Smith, in his late lectures, seems to attach a higher value to it than our own, believing the LXX to

be from an older text than that on which our own version is based. I am just now greatly enjoying Bernard's Bampton Lectures (1864) on 'The Progress of Doctrine in the New Testament.' I find many valuable and practical thoughts in it. I greatly long to be more familiar with the great facts of the Bible, which my early education failed to give me. (My prayer often is that God may reveal to me as much of his pure truth as I am able to bear, especially such as tends to influence souls heavenwards.) Our meeting is intelligent, and demands more than a merely emotional ministry, however sincere. I deeply feel my ignorance and insufficiency, and the inadequacy of what I have thus far been able to present to the large companies on First-day."

TO P. A. MENDENHALL.

"PHILADELPHIA, 10th Mo., 16th, 1881.

. . . "It seems to me, dear friend, that the lack of vigorous, faithful pastoral care is one of the main reasons for the rather low condition of things in — meeting; and that it largely accounts also for our sad condition here in the city, taken in connection with the want of religious instruction, and of occupation for the younger members which we feel. I do not see how a church can maintain spiritual health unless it is working *as a body* (not simply as scattered individuals) for the spread of gospel truth, brought into a united exercise for souls. This is the divine way of training the younger members into usefulness. . . . I mean that the body should be engaged in some definite, visible work for Christ, not simply in the maintenance of discipline, necessary as that may be, but moving onward against the foe of righteousness, in the name of the Lord of Hosts, and humbly

expecting that as Israel of old triumphed over all its enemies when relying solely on the Lord, so we might find our Captain ready to give victory over sin and death to those whose eyes are unto Him."

The succeeding two years were fully occupied in work of all kinds. Earnestly desirous of doing all that he could to further every good cause and work, he was not aware how greatly he was overtaxing his powers. Even those who were with him all the time could not appreciate the multiplicity of interests which gathered around one who was always ready to help others. On the 16th of 3d month, 1883, while on his way home from a call upon the Malagasy embassy, then on a visit to Philadelphia (a call made in the interest of peace and arbitration, at the request of Dr. J. E. R. and in his company), he was suddenly prostrated in a distressing manner, and had to be carried home. Never after this did he regain

health. In the 5th month he moved out to Overbrook, near Philadelphia, where he had bought land adjoining his brother's place, and had built upon it. Many months of prostration followed. As is so often the case, there were occasional times of apparent improvement; trips to the West and to Block Island were taken, but it was evident that he steadily lost ground. To his great pleasure he was able to be at the semi-centennial celebration of the founding of Haverford College, 10th month, 27th, 1883. It was characteristic of him that, seeing an old student whom he had not met for years, he sought a private interview, and spoke earnestly with him about his life and his soul's salvation.

In the spring of 1884 it was thought best, as last resort, to take him abroad. Notwithstanding his great nervous and physical prostration he was calm and hopeful, and entered into the plans for the journey so far as his feeble strength allowed. To

an intimate friend who visited him shortly before the sailing, he said, "I am fully aware of the uncertainty of my life. I know I may never return, and yet, though life was never so dear to me, never so attractive, I feel such perfect peace and rest in my Saviour that I can hardly understand it."

On the 2d of 4th month he and his wife and family sailed for England. As soon as practicable some of the most skillful physicians were consulted, who, after a careful examination, pronounced his case a hopeless one. This decision was received by him with calmness, and yet with a full realization of all that it meant. He nevertheless wrote to his brother, "I am now put on my mettle, and resolved to live if it be possible. . . . I am therefore calmly preparing to fight for life. . . . I feel in God's hands."

For three weeks he kept up the struggle, then the exhausted body refusing to answer

the strong will, he gave up, and used his rapidly failing strength in sending messages to friends and relatives, and in speaking words of cheer to the loved ones with him. Ready and anxious to depart, he had not to wait long. On the 14th of 6th month, 1884, in the 39th year of his age, amid the beautiful surroundings of Oatlands Park, Surrey, England, Edward L. Scull quietly and peacefully ceased to breathe.

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